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A
COLLECTION
OF
SPIRITUAL HYMNS
AND
SONGS,
ON
VARIOUS RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

LET the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God.

COLOSSIANS III. 16.

Aberdeen:

PRINTED BY J. CHALMERS AND CO.

1802.

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EMMANUEL

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*A TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN,
VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.*

COME, Holy Ghost, fend down a ray
Of light from heaven, by which we may
Direct our steps aright :
Come thou, whose lib'ral bounty grants
A full supply to all our wants ;
Come thou, of hearts true light.

Thy visits bring such peace and joy,
As no disasters can destroy :
They soften all our cares.
Thou art, in toil, our sweet repose ;
Our comfort, when perplexed with woes,
In this sad vale of tears.

O sacred light, O heavenly fire,
With virtuous thoughts our souls inspire,
With pious ardour fill !
Without thy presence, nothing can
Be found of real worth in man,
Nothing that's free from ill.

What stain'd is in us purify ;
Water what barren is and dry ;
Wounds heal, and pains allay ;

What stiff is, to obedience bend ;
 To what is cold thy warmth extend ;
 Guide what is gone astray.

O bounteous Lord, thy seven-fold grace
 Pour forth on us, who solely place
 Our confidence on thee !
 Still may we to thy law attend,
 And of our lives, O may the end
 To bliss a passage be !

AMEN

CHRISTIAN RESOLUTIONS.

TUNE—ETTRICK BANKS.

WHILE many sing of empty toys,
 On which their hearts are meanly fixt ;
 Of love, which innocence destroys,
 Or mirth with vice and folly mixt ;
 More wise, we'll sing, as saints have sung ;
 We'll sing what angels will approve ;
 We'll sing such songs, as suit their tongue,
 Who hope to sing in heaven above.

If we to sin have gone astray,
 To virtue's paths we'll now return ;
 For our offences, every day,
 While life continues, we will mourn.
 Trusting in grace, for which we pray,
 And which our God will not deny ;
 We'll, from our hearts, sincerely say,
 " We'll sin no more—we'll rather die."

Our

Our God we'll love with all our soul,
 Who man became, us to redeem ;
 His holy will shall be our rule,
 It more than life we will esteem.
 In every action, word, and thought,
 His law we'll cheerfully obey ;
 In his commands our good is fought,
 To please him is to bliss the way.

As he commands, all men we'll love ;
 Even them who show that us they hate ;
 And of our love the truth to prove,
 We'll do them good, their ills regret.
 That we may strive with all our might,
 Our Maker's favour to deserve,
 That we are always in his sight,
 With filial awe we will observe.

The crosses that he sends we'll bear,
 With patience, by his timely aid ;
 And fortune's frowns we will not fear :
 Of sin alone we are afraid.
 If pains of body us torment,
 We'll think on Jesus crucified ;
 To suffer we should be content,
 For love of Him who for us died.

From pleasure's treacherous charms we'll fly,
 And when such dangers us annoy,
 For succour we to God will cry,
 And in good thoughts our minds employ.
 That we may not be very poor,
 Nor very rich, we'll humbly pray ;
 A middle state is most secure ;
 In heav'n our treasure up we'll lay.

Thus we'll endeavour to go on,
 By hopes of heaven, more active made ;
 In life's great strife, these hopes alone,
 Fixed on God, can make us glad.
 We're weak ; but God his help imparts,
 To those who him in truth adore :
 With faith in Christ, and fervent hearts,
 That help we often will implore.

May we, dear Lord, to our last breath,
 Think, act, and speak, as now we sing,
 That, pleased with us, at our death,
 Thou mayst us to thy glory bring !
 Our joyful voices then we'll raise,
 In union with the heavenly host,
 To sing eternal hymns of praise,
 To *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

AMEN.

THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

TUNE—HIGHLAND PLADDIE.

THE Lord our God had always been
 The infinitely perfect being ;
 All things in his eternal mind,
 At once disposing and foreseeing.
 At last, he out of nothing calls
 The world, through space so far extended ;
 Forming the earth, sun, moon and stars,
 And all that's in them comprehended.

He places man in Paradise,
 With upright will and understanding :

Of

Of one tree's fruit never to taste,
 Him, under pain of death, commanding.
 Man's dismal fall we soon behold,
 From Eden guilty Adam banish'd ;
 The earth, from sin, by waters cleans'd,
 And by just Noe's sons replenish'd.

Then Abram's faith and sacrifice,
 By heaven itself so much commended,
 Present themselves before our view,
 With Sodom's crimes, in ruin ended.
 We read with pleasure Jacob's toils ;
 And still with greater Joseph's story ;
 Who, sold thro' envy, conquer'd lust,
 From prison rose to power and glory.

From mourning Egypt Israel flees,
 Th' obedient sea its waves dividing ;
 They wander forty years, their steps
 The cloud and fiery pillar guiding.
 Their frequent murm'ings 'gainst their Lord,
 And 'gainst their heaven-sent leader grieve us,
 But when the promis'd land they seize,
 Their victories with joy revive us.

Their *judges* follow, and their *kings*,
 Their sins, and Babylonish slavery ;
 Their liberty, by *Cyrus* given,
 The Macchabean faith and brav'ry.
 At last the great Messiah comes,
 To save the world, so long expected ;
 He's humbly born, but soon ador'd
 By kings, whose course a star directed.

He flies from cruel Herod's sword,
 Whose wrath on Bethlem's babes is empty'd ;
 B 3 Return'd

Return'd, his worth he long conceals;
 Baptis'd, he fasteth, and is tempted.
 Behold all nature him obeys;
 We hear him virtue recommending;
 On Calvary's mount we see him die;
 Then rising, and to heaven ascending.

We next behold the chosen twelve,
 With heavenly strength and pow'r invested,
 Announcing Jesus' name to all;
 And, by their death, their faith attested.
 The glorious combats then are seen,
 Of those of ev'ry rank and nation;
 Of every age and sex, who went
 Thro' blood and tortures to salvation.

Ev'n tender maids, the fire and rack
 Contemn, with minds not to be bended;
 In vain the cruel tyrants rage,
 The truth still farther is extended.
 But lo! the scene is changed soon,
 When *Helen's* son the faith embraced;
 The imperial crown and banners shew
 The cross of Christ in honour placed.

We spy a storm from Egypt rise,
 Threat'ning the church with desolation;
 But all in vain—Christ's house is built
 Upon a rocky sure foundation.
 In every age, some upstart sect,
 The spouse of Christ with pride opposes,
 We see her triumph o'er them all;
 The ancient faith she still proposes.

In latter times, o'er Europe's North,
 Thick clouds, alas! of error hover:

But

But still we hope the darken'd sky
 Its ancient brightness will recover.
 And if we grieve that some have left
 Of unity and truth the centre;
 Into Christ's fold we're glad to see,
 In east and west, whole nations enter.

But whilst with pleasure we run o'er
 This space of almost sixty ages,
 Their virtue, who their God have serv'd,
 Our observation most engages.
 Their lives, when read, all duties teach,
 And fire our hearts with emulation;
 Come, let us do what they have done,
 For the *same God*, the *same salvation*.



CONSOLATION TO A SOUL IN AFFLICTION.

TUNE—DEATH AND THE FAIR LADY.

MY Soul, what reason to complain have we?
 Why art thou sad? Why dost thou trouble me?
 Tho' we must undergo some pain and toil,
 During the course of this our short exile:
 Yet if we stedfastly obey our God,
 And walk on straight in faith and virtue's road,
 For being cheerful, solid grounds have we:
 Why sad, my soul, why dost thou trouble me?

Though dangers us surround, on every side;
 Yet in our God for help we may confide;

In

In all afflictions, troubles, doubts, and pains,
 That source of comfort, light and strength re-
 Recourse we easily to God may have ; [mains.
 Who from all evils can and will us save ;
 Provided we from sin ourselves keep free :
 To pray'r, my soul, and comfort bring to me !

But we have sinn'd, and reason have to fear
 The vigorous justice of a Judge severe.
 Tho' this be true, yet on the other hand,
 That Judge's mercy up for us will stand ;
 And in our favour warmly intercede ;
 Nay on a cross that Judge for us did bleed.
 We do repent, and hope to pardon'd be :
 Confide, my soul, and humbly cheerful be !

Besides, when we before that Judge appear,
 Much profit may accrue from sufferings here.
 By them our debts we with advantage pay,
 If well we bear them ; as, by grace, we may.
 The more we suffer now, the less of stain,
 To purged be, will in next life remain ;
 If cleansed here from sin, how happy we !
 My soul, still patient and resigned be !

When tribulation shall, of any kind,
 Tend to disturb our precious peace of mind ;
 Let us look forward to that other life,
 Where, freed from all this painful earthly strife,
 With saints and angels we, in heaven above,
 Hope to be blest, in God's eternal love.
 We're heirs of heaven—Shall we dejected be ?
 No, no, my soul, thou must not trouble me !

How many saints, who now in glory reign,
 Much pain and labour did on earth sustain ?
They

They say to us, " Be patient, be resign'd,
 " And to our number you will soon be join'd.
 " We practis'd patience, satisfied for sin ;
 " We to the marriage feast are enter'd in :
 " You by like means will God in glory see."
 Exult, my soul, and always cheerful be.

If our distress shall seem too hard to bear ;
 If pain is great, and greater yet we fear ;
 Let's go to Jesus, comfort he affords,
 Let us attend to these his tender words :
 " All ye that labour ; all who are oppress'd
 " By heavy burdens, come to me for rest ;
 " For sweet refreshment hasten all to me."
 Let's go to Jesus, and consoled be !

For ease let us to our dear Saviour go,
 Who consolation brought us here below ;
 With care his doctrine and example view,
 How we should act, how suffer, well they shew.
 His patience, chiefly, let us imitate,
 The pains he underwent for us, how great !
 Behold him in the garden, on the tree !
 My soul, learn patience, and resigned be !

Most wise, most good is God, who governs all,
 And nothing ever can to us befall,
 But is directed by his holy will,
 To our great good, if we his law fulfill.
 Then let us always cheerfully submit
 To what our God shall order or permit ;
 Than in his hands, where better can we be ?
 Submit, my soul, and peace secure to me !

Though there are trials in our present state,
 Yet help is near us, and our prospects great.
Christ's

Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light,
 It's sweet to do what conscience tells is right.
 With grief for sin let pleasant hope be join'd,
 The love of God with joy will fill the mind ;
 Rejoice, my soul, and always cheerful be !
 Rejoice in God, our sovereign good is he.

AN ADVICE TO ALL MEN.

THAT thou art *mortal* and *immortal* too,
 Remember *man*, and see what thou should'st do;
 Thou *mortal* art, and soon must hence depart ;
 On what is earthly, fix not then thy heart.
 Thou art *immortal*, to thyself insure
 That happiness which ever shall endure ;
 And shun those torments which shall never end,
 Be wise, O *man*, and to these words attend !

ON HEAVEN.

TUNE—PINKIE HOUSE.

ETERNAL God, great One in three,
 Our happiness supreme ;
 We long to be in heaven with thee,
 Praising thy glorious name.
 Mean time, 'midst toils and trials great,
 While we must tarry here ;
 By thinking on that happy state,
 Our hearts we'll strive to cheer.

In heaven then, from our eyes all tears
 Away shall wiped be ;
 Far from all dangers, from all fears,
 Remov'd ourselves we'll see.
 No evils there of any kind,
 No hunger, thirst, or pain ;
 No sickness there can entrance find,
 Nor death admittance gain.

The mind from every anxious care,
 Shall ever be secure ;
 No contradiction can impair
 It's peace serene and pure.
 Our bodies, from the dust renew'd,
 No more a painful weight,
 With glorious qualities endow'd,
 Shall, as the sun, shine bright.

And quick as thought, from place to place,
 They as they please, shall move ;
 Their inward vigour, outward grace
 Our fancies far above.
 Each sense its pleasure shall receive,
 Superior far to all
 That we of pleasant here perceive,
 Or what we pleasures call.

In solemn strains, joins every tongue,
 Thro' all the heavenly quires :
 While lofty hymns of praise are sung,
 Which love inflam'd inspires.
 Grandeur and beauty ever new,
 In pure unfading light,
 Shall still surprise and please the view
 Of the enchanted sight.

What

What splendour shall we see display'd,
 In that most blest abode,
 For his beloved servants made,
 By the all-powerful God.
 Of robes, of crowns, sceptres and thrones,
 In holy writ we're told,
 Of city gates of precious stones,
 Of streets of beaten gold.

These are some of the highest words,
 That come from mortal mouth ;
 But there's no language that affords
 Terms equal to the truth.
 Nor ear hath heard, nor eye hath seen,
 Nor hath man's heart conceiv'd,
 The great things that prepar'd have been,
 For those that shall be sav'd.

All riches then, on land or sea,
 The kingdoms, empires all
 That cover the whole globe, to me
 Of value are but small.
 My heart these goods shall never seize,
 So low it shall not bend ;
 I'm made for greater things than these ;
 To higher things I tend.

I'm made for heaven, and heaven shall be
 My everlasting home ;
 I trust in thee, who teachest me
 To pray, *thy kingdom come*.
 In that thy kingdom shall a share
 Be, thro' thy goodness, mine !
 I firmly hope, that I shall there
 With saints and angels reign.

With saints and angels reign we shall,
 United in one mind ;
 As dear companions with them all,
 In closest friendship join'd.
 With patriarchs, prophets, kings of worth,
 The wise, the good, the great,
 Whom all the ancient times brought forth,
 We shall most freely treat.

Apostles, martyrs, virgins pure,
 Shall be our loving friends ;
 In friendship ever to endure,
 In love that never ends.
 Blest beings of another kind,
 In heavenly Sion dwell,
 Who in their nature us surpass,
 In dignity excel.

Millions of angels who attend,
 'Th' Almighty to obey,
 Whom he as messengers does send,
 His orders to convey.
 With them in thoughts sublime, with ease
 Converse we likewise will ;
 While all are pleased, and to please
 Will be desirous still.

Now what an honour will it be,
 What pleasure will it give,
 With spirits of such high degree
 Familiarly to live !
 Still what we've said, however great
 It may to us appear ;
 To what we have to say as yet,
 Is far from coming near.

Our God, most good, has given to man
 A so exalted heart,
 To him that *creatures* never can
 Full happiness impart.
 Of them the more we have, the more
 These panting hearts require ;
 Of them possessest, the greatest store
 Creates but more desire.

We wander here, we wander there,
 In search of true content ;
 Not meeting with it any where,
 On new pursuits we're bent.
 Our wish we never will obtain,
 Repose we will not find ;
 To the great end till we attain
 For which God us design'd.

'This end is *God himself alone*,
 For *God alone* we're made ;
 In God true rest, and elsewhere none,
 Can by our souls be had.
 Now God in goodness, wisdom, might,
 All limits does surpass ;
 The whole creation in his sight,
 Is as a leaf of grass.

'The world, for beauty and extent,
 So splendid in our eyes,
 To his sole word obedient,
 Did out of nothing rise.
 And if he should to millions more
 Of worlds, but say, *be ye* ;
 The twinkling of an eye before,
 All of these worlds would be.

And

And as he made, he rules the whole
 Of beings that exist ;
 None can his sovereign will controul,
 None can his power resist.
 This God in all that's good conceiv'd,
 Thus infinitely great,
 Does to his saints in heaven receiv'd,
 Himself communicate.

Himself he does communicate,
 Becoming truly theirs :
 The manner we can only stare,
 As sacred writ declares.
 His glory then will God display,
 His beauty will unfold,
 His essence we will by a ray
 Of light divine behold.

This glorious sight our souls will fill
 With exquisite delight ;
 Hence love as intimately will
 With God himself unite.
 Our bounteous Lord we'll glorify,
 Admire, thank, praise, adore,
 And holy, holy, holy, cry,
 With joy, for evermore.

To see and love the good supreme,
 And to be always sure,
 That our enjoyment of the same
 For ever will endure ;
 This is what man's last end we call,
 We cannot higher soar ;
 He who possesses God *has all*,
 He can desire no more.

O happy, truly happy he,
 Who thither shall arrive ;
 And what strong reasons have not we,
 To please our God to strive ?
 Eternal health, eternal peace,
 Eternal joy complete,
 From God himself, seen face to face,
 From union with him sweet.

All this the blest in heaven possess,
 To this our trials here,
 Bear no proportion more nor less ;
 Compar'd, these disappear.
 Then let us suffer for a while,
 Our pains will soon be o'er ;
 In recompence of our short toil,
 We'll reign for ever more.

An evermore of happiness !
 This is the glorious prize,
 To gain an evermore of bliss,
 From sloth shall we not rise ?
 Yes, rise we must, without delay,
 As all things else are vain :
 And henceforth labour every day
 This heavenly prize to gain.

In this, O help us, Jesus dear,
 We trust in thee alone ;
 Grant that in judgment we may hear
 Said to us from thy throne :—
 “ Ye blessed of my Father, come,
 “ Receive your great reward,
 “ For you the world's beginning from,
 “ The kingdom long prepar'd.”

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN thankful strains come let us sing,
 The humble birth of heaven's great King,
 Who came to put it in our power
 Hell to avoid and bliss procure.
 From Rome an edict forth was sent,
 Thro' all their empire's wide extent,
 Requiring all both young and old,
 In registers to be enroll'd.

Each person's name by this decree,
 Commanded was enroll'd to be ;
 Among his kindred in the town,
 From which he was descended down.
 Joseph and Mary for this cause
 To Bethlehem went, for Bethlehem was
 Of their high origin the place,
 They being both of David's race.

Mary was Joseph's wedded wife,
 With him to lead a virgin life ;
 She was with child of Jesus dear,
 The time of her delivery near.
 To Bethlehem then they took their way,
 From Nazareth, where their dwelling lay ;
 To travel ninety miles they had,
 The season of the year was bad.

Resign'd to God, they travel'd on,
 In their deportment virtue shone ;
 How modestly they go alone ;
 And all are charm'd they came among.
 But they were poor—and, for its shame,
 No room have Bethlehem's inns for them.

A stable, hence (a place for beasts),
Receives the greatest of all guests.

And here the Virgin Mother bare,
Her Son, whom heaven and earth adore.
In swaddling cloaths him down she laid ;
The manger was his royal bed.
Mary and Joseph prostrate fell,
And fervent as no tongue can tell,
With love and gratitude ador'd
Their Child, their Saviour, supreme Lord.

When all in Bethlehem quiet lie,
An angel comes, sent from on high,
To persons of a humble state :
He comes not to the rich or great.
To shepherds he appears, who keep
Night watches o'er their flocks of sheep.
And, at same time, from heaven a light
Shines round them, wonderfully bright.

This vision struck them with amaze,
And, full of fear, they stand and gaze.
To whom the angel mildly said,
" Rejoice, O men, be not afraid ;
" I tidings bring, by God's command,
" Of joy, to you and all the land.
" This is for you a happy morn,
" On it the Saviour, Christ, is born.

" In David's city, born is he ;
" Of him beholders you may be.
" And, by this sign, you will him find,
" He in a manger lies reclin'd."
With him then many angels sing,
In honour of their new-born King,

" To

“ To God on high, be glory still,
 “ And peace to all men of good will.”

Recovering from their great surprise,
 The shepherds say, “ Come let us rise,
 “ And go to Bethlehem there to see,
 “ What from the angel learn’d have we.”
 They go in haste ; with gladness find
 The infant Saviour of mankind.
 They see him in the manger ly,
 And Joseph and the Virgin by.

Is this then Israel’s King, said they,
 To whom all nations must obey !
 Much long’d for by the just of old,
 And by our prophe.s oft foretold !
 As such we must this child receive ;
 The angel could not us deceive.
 And, tho’ he lies in this mean place,
 Sweet majesty adorns his face.

Then falling down the crib before,
 These men the lovely babe adore ;
 And offer to him, as their Lord,
 Such presents as they can afford.
 Their homage they at leisure pay ;
 And with regret they come away.
 What they had seen, they every where,
 To all within their reach declare.

Of them some now, perhaps, may say,
 O ! truly happy men were they !
 Like them may we not happy be ;
 May we not Bethlehem’s infant see ?
 Why not with eyes of faith behold
 All that is in the gospel told ?

To Bethlehem, then, let us repair,
And to the famed stable there.

In it we see the Virgin fair;
Her modesty beyond compare.
Attending by her Joseph stands;
The sight of whom respect commands.
But lo! the amiable Child!
His countenance how sweet, how mild!
What loving looks dart from his eyes,
Where swaddl'd in the crib he lies.

But who is he? O! think, my soul,
He's God, who made and rules the whole
Of this extensive world; and now
He is become a babe for you.
Of the eternal *Three in One*,
He is the second—*God the Son*.
Beyond all bounds good, mighty, wise;
And see how lowly here he lies.

O sovereign Lord, why art thou here?
So little, why dost thou appear?
Faith tells what brought thee to our earth;
The angels sung it at thy birth.
Thy Father's glory, and true peace
To us, by mercy and by grace.
All men, and therefore likewise me,
From sin and satan to set free.

If I can shun hell's dreadful fire,
And perfect bliss in heaven acquire,
To thee, sweet Babe, all this I owe,
And to thy coming here below.
What can I think, what can I say,
How can I thanks sufficient pay?

Offend thee more I never shall;
To thee my heart I offer all.

O may not this my soul be lost,
To thee which has so dearly cost!
O may I always have in view
What is for so much goodness due!
Thus may I come, I thee implore;
To thank and bless thee evermore.
To sing thy praise in heavenly song,
Eternity is not too long!

ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

TUNE—TWEEDSIDE.

THINK often on Jesus, my soul,
To mankind who brought life and peace.
We owe to his coming the whole
Of our hope both of mercy and grace:
Think oft on his sufferings for thee,
Most useful the lessons they give.
Contemplate his Passion, and see
How ought we to love, how to live.

Let us first to that garden repair,
To which he retired, when late,
Of his life the last evening, and there
Behold how affecting his state.
With blood he is bathed all o'er,
With his blood the ground near him is wet;
Out it issues at every pore,
Resembling a copious sweat.

What

What cause can of this be assign'd ?

A commotion so strong what could raise ?
 It proceeds from an anguish of mind,
 Allow'd by himself him to seize.
 All he suffer'd the following night ;
 All he suffered the ensuing day,
 In thought he presents to his sight,
 All at once in most dreadful array.

This prospect afflicteth his soul

With terror, reluctance, and grief :
 Yet still he accepts of the whole,
 No abatement he seeks, no relief.
 From scourges, thorns, nails, all in view,
 Rushes on him a torrent of pain,
 From malice of Gentile and Jew,
 A storm of affronts and disdain.

The more was his sorrow profound,

The longer for comfort he pray'd ;
 And thrice falleth flat on the ground ;
 Three times to his Father he said :
 " May this cup, O my Father divine,
 " May this hour pass away from thy Son,
 " If such is thy will : yet not mine,
 " But thy will, O my Father, be done."

Near by him, there were in that place,

Three confident friends ; and our Lord
 Seeks comfort from them ; but, alas !
 They sleep, and no comfort afford.

An angel from heaven him attends,
 And strengthens the God of all power ;
 Our Master so far condescends,
 In that awful and wonderful hour.

This conflict, sin's malice to shew,
 And patience to teach us design'd ;
 He concludes with obedience due
 To his Father, and quiets his mind.
 To James, John, and Peter he goes,
 And kindly of them he complains,
 That themselves they should give to repose,
 While he such a combat sustains.

Perplexed, they nothing can say,
 For their having been deaf to his call ;
 He warns them to watch and to pray,
 That in trial they never may fall.
 The time now, he adds, is at hand ;
 My life for my children most dear
 I lay down, at my Father's command :
 Let us go—they that seek me are near.

By Judas he's sold and betray'd ;
 His friends fly, and leave him forlorn.
 By a rabble he's prisoner made,
 They load him with insult and scorn.
 To be tried, he's led to the fame,
 His blood out of envy who fought ;
 Combined the just to condemn,
 Against him false witnesses they brought.

He blameless appeareth to all,
 His innocence clearly did shine ;
 Yet worthy of death they him call ;
 Affronts to injustice they join.
 For the hours of the night that succeed,
 He is left to the merciless will
 Of wretches, who strive to exceed
 One another in using him ill.

As fool, as false prophet, mock king,
 They treat him ; no insults they spare
 That they think can uneasiness bring ;
 They spit in his face, tear his hair.
 This treatment continu'd, till dawn
 The morn of the memorable day,
 When God's only Son, become man,
 Unto death did his Father obey.

The Jews, at the break of that day,
 To Pilate, who ruled the land,
 With Jesus bound hasten away,
 His sentence of death to demand.
 The governor soon did perceive,
 That the Jews by gross hatred alone,
 To seek of life Christ to bereave
 All passionately hurried on.

Him the answers of Jesus affect,
 His calmness and modesty charm ;
 Christ's life he resolves to protect,
 And strives the Jews spite to disarm.
 No fault, said the Roman, I find
 In him whom to me ye accuse ;
 That he's guiltless convinc'd in my mind,
 To release him how can I refuse ?

A law we have still of our own,
 The Jews, much incensed, reply,
 That law he attempts to pull down ;
 If judg'd by our law, he must die.
 Men, of truth and sincerity void,
 Pretend a regard for their law,
 Their envy and malice to hide,
 As the President easily saw.

Then

Then, Pilate, why not use thy power ?

Why then not set innocence free ?

To render true virtue secure,

Belongs to a ruler like thee.

But Pilate was weak, thro' a dread

The popular favour to lose ;

And therefore he fails to succeed

In all that he dares to propose.

First Jesus to Herod he sends,

Himself from the judging to free.

This pleased the king and his friends,

Who hoped some wonder to see.

But favour with Herod to gain,

Was not our great Sufferer's intent ;

He's silent ; he meets with disdain ;

And, as fool, back to Pilate he's sent.

From death one was always reliev'd,

On their feast, at the choice of the Jews ;

This circumstance, Pilate believ'd,

Would certainly prosper his views.

With Christ for this choice he does name,

Barabbas, a murderer known ;

Persuaded that Christ they would claim,

Whose virtue the people did own.

The holy One, then, is compar'd

With one of the worst of mankind.

To the most holy One is preferr'd

Barrabbas ! O madness how blind !

The Jews were by passion deceiv'd,

To ruin they heedlessly ran ;

They cry, " Let Barabbas be sav'd :

" Away to the cross with this man !

Then basely does Pilate consent
 In part to their bloody demands ;
 Their hatred in hopes to content,
 To be scourged he Jesus commands.
 A band, without pity or shame,
 Pull off with great rudeness his cloaths.
 His delicate bodily frame
 To the cold and to view they expose.

See cruel hands on him they lay ;
 With scourges his skin how they tear !
 How in pieces his flesh, lash'd away,
 The nerves, bones, and sinews leaves bare !
 How piercing and sharp must have been,
 In a body so tender, his pain !
 Our pleasures, most filthy and mean,
 Cost dear to the Lamb without stain !

But, wearied at last, they give o'er,
 Yet to Jesus no ease they allow ;
 By a torment unheard of before,
 Their hellish invention they show.
 As a king they will have him crown'd ;
 Yet of thorns they make choice for his crown !
 Their points pierce his head all around ;
 The blood runneth copiously down.

Their mockery to render complete,
 They put on him a coarse purple weed,
 A robe for such royalty meet ;
 For sceptre they give him a reed.
 Then, scoffing, before him they fall ;
 As a king they salute him in scorn.
 What a state for the Sovereign of all,
 Whose power heaven and earth does adore !

In this woeful and pitiful plight,
 By Pilate he's brought forth to view ;
 In hopes that the Jews, at the sight,
 Compassion and mercy would shew.
 But, "Crucify Jesus," they cry,
 "On a cross we must see his life end ;
 "As a rebel this man ought to die :
 "Who spares him is not Cæsar's friend !"

These words shake the Ruler with fear,
 These clamours no more he withstands ;
 Yet, strongly his mind to declare,
 Before them he washes his hands.
 "From this innocent blood I am clean,"
 With a faltering voice he does say.
 But from him could never have been,
 By the ocean, that guilt wash'd away.

"His blood," bawl the Jews, "on our heads,
 "And the heads of our children be on !"
 Then Pilate to judgment proceeds,
 And decrees that their will should be done.
 This sentence with shouts they receive
 Of applause, and of insolent joy.
 They exult in their power him to have,
 Whose life they're so keen to destroy.

Against him, their bloody intent
 T' accomplish they do not delay.
 Though's body be wearied and spent,
 A cross on his shoulders they lay.
 The weight of these two beams of wood
 A load far too heavy do make ;
 Fatigued and drained of blood,
 His limbs they bend under and shake.

Yet see how he's hurried along,
 Besmeared with sweat, dust, and blood,
 In the midst of a merciless throng,
 Of wretches insulting and rude.
 Their insults in silence he bears;
 No sign of resentment is made.
 An invincible meekness appears;
 As a sheep to the slaughter he's led.

Lamentations some women did raise,
 Him to meet in so mournful a state.
 To them, "Daughters of Sion," he says,
 "What evils your city await !
 "The objects of misery extreme,
 "Yourself and your children shall be ;
 "With your tears for yourselves, and for them,
 "Lament then—lament not for me."

To Calvary's top he goes on,
 That mount to be mention'd with awe,
 There the deed most important was done,
 That ever the universe saw.
 The cross here they place on the ground ;
 Of his cloaths then they strip him again,
 Tearing them from his flesh, and each wound
 Renewing with exquisite pain.

Disfigur'd with stripes and with blows,
 All livid and cover'd with blood :
 Christ's body a miscreant throws
 Contemptuously down on the wood.
 One hand is first nail'd to the beam,
 It's palm is pierc'd, shatter'd and torn ;
 The blood gushes out in a stream,
 With pain, sharp as ever was borne.

The hand which remained they next
 Pull'd out with so vehement a shock,
 To the place where it was to be fix't,
 That the arm's tender jointures they broke.
 Of this hand, the nerves likewise the smart
 Of a nail piercing thro' them must feel,
 And it's bones from their place must depart,
 And give way to a rough pointed steel.

Their torturing work to complete,
 With strokes oft repeated and strong,
 Thro' the delicate parts of his feet,
 A nail they drive in large and long.
 All this, O my soul, is for thee,
 Thy ransom is now to be paid ;
 When Jesus was nail'd to the tree,
 On the altar our victim was laid.

The cross then they raising upright,
 With a painful jolt set in the ground ;
 The rabble exult at the sight,
 With their shouts hills and vallies resound.
 An infamous thief on each side,
 They place on a like shameful tree ;
 To confound in this manner our pride,
 With the wicked he ranked would be.

And now from his pierc'd hands and feet,
 All his body suspended remains ;
 In his limbs bones are drawn from their seat,
 Wounds are widen'd, redoubl'd the pains.
 By the thorns is tormented his head,
 His arms to the cross are confin'd ;
 His hands and feet copiously bleed,
 No part in him whole can we find.

This sufferer, though transiently view'd,
 By all must be greatly bemoan'd ;
 But his case must by us be perus'd,
 Far the outward appearance beyond.
 Let us ponder, with serious thought,
 This person in sufferings so great ;
 Who is he ? and why he is brought
 To so doleful and humbling a state ?

He is not only man, he is God,
 Of all things Creator and Lord ;
 All creatures must quake at his nod,
 He's to be by all creatures ador'd.
 The same, on of terror, that day,
 Will in power and in majesty come ;
 His summons all men must obey,
 'To be judg'd, and receive their last doom.

But why should of heaven this great King,
 Descend to our earth here below ?
 What end could him possibly bring,
 His greatness so humbled to show ?
 This, this is the mystery deep,
 Of justice, of mercy, of love ;
 The shepherd divine for his sheep
 'To die deigns to come from above.

To the Godhead the injury done
 By the sins of mankind to repair ;
 'Twas the pleasure of God's only Son,
 With us our low nature to share.
 In it, us, among he did dwell,
 To redeem us he suffer'd and died ;
 To free us from Satan and hell,
 And heaven's entrance to lay open wide.

Let

Let us now with the sequel go on,
 These truths keeping still in our mind ;
 From the Jews there's no pity or moan,
 With torment reproaches are join'd.
 Him as weak and deceitful they treat,
 A foreteller of falsehoods they call ;
 His lips and his parch'd tongue to wet,
 They vinegar offer, and gall.

Among a few friends that are near,
 And with their lov'd Master condole,
 Stands Mary, his mother most dear,
 In silence observing the whole.
 Her heart almost bursts into twain,
 According to Simeon's words,
 Passes thro' with incredible pain,
 Of sorrow the sharpest of swords.

No help then from her to her Son,
 Who allows, in this wonderful hour,
 Interior anguish to come on,
 By the strangest effect of his power.
 Suspending the joys from above,
 He anguish admitteth within,
 More clearly to show us his love ;
 He was like us in all things but sin.

For three hours on the cross that he past,
 There was darkness the globe all around ;
 The minds of all mortals aghast,
 Suspense, fear and wonder, confound.
 His sacred head down does he bow,
 And forth his last words does he send,
 Crying loudly, " O Father, into
 " Thy hands I my spirit commend."

Thus

Thus the Lord of the universe dies,
 Earth shakes with tremendous shocks ;
 Graves burst open, dead bodies arise,
 Fly in pieces asunder the rocks.
 All nature convuls'd and derang'd,
 Seems the death of its author to mourn ;
 And the Jews with their hearts greatly chang'd,
 To their city astonish'd return.

By their looks, and by knocking their breasts,
 Their inward remorse they express ;
 That the one put to death must at least
 Have been a just man, they confess.
 And some, as they never before
 Such signs and such wonders had seen,
 Declare that this person still more,
 The true Son of God may have been.

To the gospel thus pav'd was the way,
 And the minds of the Jews were dispos'd
 To hear what th' apostles should say,
 And receive the truths by them propos'd.
 And we, O my soul, having seen
 What was suffer'd by Christ for our sake ;
 To him who so loving has been,
 Let us think what return we should make.

We will be ungrateful no more,
 Our Jesus no more we'll offend ;
 Our sins we'll with sorrow deplore,
 Our lives we'll this moment amend.
 Nor only offences we'll shun,
 In virtue we'll daily proceed ;
 After Jesus we'll steadily run,
 The members should follow the head.

O Jesus,

O Jesus, our hope and our love,
 From sin of all kind keep us free;
 O send us thy grace from above,
 And draw our affections to thee.
 Our lives may we holily spend,
 That coming to heaven's endless joy,
 We may that great day without end,
 In singing thy praises employ.

ON THE RESURRECTION.

TUNE—TWEED SIDE.

TO day let the faithful rejoice,
 Christ rising from death we adore;
 We likewise from sin now must rise,
 Nor return to that death any more.
 No more must we Jesus offend,
 By faith we his goodness have seen;
 We must to our sins put an end,
 Ungrateful too long have we been.

We heartily Jesus must love,
 And show that our love is sincere;
 Still tend to our country above,
 Our love, hope, and treasure are there.
 To Jesus our hearts let us raise,
 Our voices in hymns let us join;
 Him always to honour and praise,
 With the *Father* and *Spirit* divine.

THE DOCTOR AND THE BEGGAR.

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

A pious Doctor once there was,
 Who begged long of God,
 To send him one who might him show
 To heaven the nearest road.

At last, in pray'r, a voice he hears,
 Which clearly him commands,
 "Go to the church, there in the porch
 "The guide you wish for stands."

In fullest hopes, he goes and finds
 A Beggar in that place,
 Whose tatter'd rags scarce hide his sores,
 Tho' pale, yet mild his face.

Beholding him with some surprise :
 "Good morn," the Doctor said.
 To whom the Beggar answer made,
 "Bad morn I never had."

"God blefs you, then," the Doctor adds,
 "And send you prosperous days."
 "My days have always prosperous been,"
 The Beggar calmly says.

The Doctor next, in clearest words,
 His meaning to express :
 "Truly," quoth he, "I wish to you
 "All kinds of happiness."

To this the Beggar's answer was,
 " I always happy am.
 " I happy am, and hope to be,
 " In all times hence the same."

The Doctor, wondering much, went on,
 " Speak clearly, I you pray ;
 " Your answers are obscure to me,
 " Explain them, if you may.

" Yes, that I shall most willingly,"
 Repli'd the Beggar man.
 And with this promise to comply,
 His speech he thus began.

" When you wish'd me a morning good,
 " With truth I answer made,
 " That my whole life a morning bad
 " I never yet have had.

" For tho' it rain, or snow, or hail,
 " Or piercing cold it be ;
 " I thank my God, what day he sends
 " Is ever good to me.

" Although with hunger, thirst, or pain,
 " My body is oppress'd ;
 " I thank my God, what he appoints
 " For me must be the best.

" Though I pass through this mortal life,
 " Despised, poor, and mean ;
 " I thank my God, I am resign'd,
 " All good my days have been.

" You

“ You pray’d next kindly, that on me
 “ Prosperity might shine ;
 “ But this was wishing what long time,
 “ Hath been already mine.

“ I’ll tell you how, and likewise will
 “ The only *one* road shew,
 “ To true prosperity that leads
 “ Men here on earth below.

“ Know then, good Sir, that God to me
 “ Has feelingly made known,
 “ That satisfaction we can find
 “ In *Him*, and *Him* alone.

“ I therefore in his presence walk,
 “ With him I happy live ;
 “ Where’er I am, I to my God
 “ My soul’s attention give.

“ By this attention, close to God,
 “ This truth I plainly see ;
 “ That all things else, with him compar’d,
 “ As nothing are to me.

“ That God is powerful, we believe,
 “ As also wise and good ;
 “ Far more, by mind of mortal man,
 “ Than can be understood.

“ He’s wise and powerful, hence he can ;
 “ He’s good, and therefore wills ;
 “ Rules well the universe, and thus
 “ His providence fulfils.

“ He

- " He by this providence preserves,
 " And wisely governs all ;
 " Without his knowledge, not one hair
 " Can from our heads down fall.

 " Without his help, no hand we stir,
 " We cannot turn an eye ;
 " We cannot think the least good thought,
 " Unless his aid be nigh.

 " And as what Providence appoints
 " For me must be the best ;
 " Beneath its wings I place myself,
 " And there securely rest.

 " My will resigning wholly to
 " His sovereign will divine ;
 " I to my God say from my heart,
 " Thy will be done—not mine.

 " Should I, short-sighted sinful worm,
 " With arrogance pretend,
 " Not to make welcome every thing,
 " That God thinks fit to send ?

 " Good health and sickness, storm and calm,
 " Are well receiv'd by me ;
 " On Calvary, as Thabor mount,
 " Contented I must be.

 " Thus I have always what I wish,
 " Because my will agrees
 " With what God orders, or permits,
 " By his supreme decrees.

“ Upon this solid rock I rest,
 “ And constant peace enjoy :
 “ I’m happy ; and my happiness
 “ No creature can destroy.”

“ But,” quoth the Doctor, “ what if God
 “ Should send you down to hell ;
 “ Depriv’d of everlasting bliss,
 “ In endless woe to dwell ?

“ Send me to hell !” the Beggar said,
 “ That would be hard indeed !
 “ Yet if he should, less than you think,
 “ That sentence I would dread.

“ I have two powerful arms, which I
 “ Would fix on him so fast,
 “ From him that separated be,
 “ I could not to the last.

“ Humility is one of these,
 “ With which I hold would take
 “ Of God the Son, as man become,
 “ For man’s redemption sake.

“ My other arm is Charity,
 “ With which I would take hold
 “ The Godhead on, as thus to speak,
 “ If I might be so bold.

“ With these two arms I to my God
 “ Would so united be,
 “ That if he should send me to hell,
 “ He needs must go with me.

“ And

“ And, with my God, I rather would
 “ Choose hell for residence,
 “ Than the most glorious highest heavens,
 “ If God were absent thence.

The Doctor asked, “ Whence came you?”
 Said he, “ From God came I.”
 “ Where found you God?”—“ Where first I
 “ ‘The creature’s vanity.” (left

“ Where left you God?”—“ I left him with
 “ The pure and clean of heart.
 “ There God, as in his mansion, dwells,
 “ His blessings to impart.”

The Doctor asked, “ Who art thou?”
 He said, “ I am a king.”
 The Doctor adds, “ For saying so
 “ What reason can you bring?”

“ The reason is, I govern well
 “ The motions of my soul;
 “ And this is more than if I should
 “ Have govern’d nations whole.”

“ Your answers, friend,” the Doctor said,
 “ I greatly must approve:
 “ But how came you to think so well,
 “ The common far above?

“ God is my teacher, he is pleas’d
 “ His light from heaven to send;
 “ And to this light, within my soul,
 “ In silence I attend.

" Directed by this light, through life
 " I happy bend my course ;
 " In fullest hopes soon to enjoy
 " Of happiness the source."

Thus may we make our wills agree,
 With all that's will'd by God ;
 This to perfection is the way ;
 To heaven the nearest road.

This doctrine who does not approve,
 But words will to suffice.
 'Tis when we practice what we praise,
 That we are truly wise.

N. B. The whole of the preceeding Pieces were composed and dictated by the late most worthy and venerable BISHOP GEDDES, while lying upon his Death-Bed. The three following are likewise of his Composition.

ON THE FALL OF MAN.

TUNE—THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

HOW pleasant was Eden ! how happy the
 pair !
 The first of our race whom our Maker plac'd
 there,
 That garden to till without labour or pain,
 'Twas only enjoin'd from one tree to refrain.

No sickness, no trouble, there access could
 find ;
 Ev'n death was excluded—for God had design'd
 His glory for ever to them to display,
 Had they but continu'd a while to obey.

And easy was this ; for no passions arose,
 To darken their minds, or disturb the repose
 Of reason's calm reign ; they saw clearly the way
 Of duty ; and had no bent from it to stray.

In praising the power and the wisdom display'd,
 In all the great works the Almighty hath made ;
 In loving his goodness, their time they employ'd
 In friendship, the sweetest that e'er was enjoy'd.

'Thro' Paradise often they walk'd hand in
 hand,
 With hearts quite united in love's sacred band ;
 They talk'd of the beauties which round them
 they view'd,
 And thanked their God, who such bounty had
 shew'd.

They saw their plains cover'd with beautiful
flowers ;
The groves interspersed with alleys and bow'rs ;
The air was most fragrant, the sky was serene ;
The clear-gliding rivers adorned the scene.

The birds warbled sweetly their notes from
each spray ;
Each creature was ready their will to obey ;
All nature conspired their blifs to increase,
Their state was more happy than tongue can
exprefs.

Ah ! had they more-constant in innocence
been,
We likewise immortal fair Eden had seen :
But short their possession of that blessed place ;
They sinn'd—sin depriv'd them of Eden and
grace.



ON THE LOVE OF SUFFERINGS.

TUNE—TWEEDSIDE.

TO be tortur'd in every part,
Or die, my sweet Jesus, for thee,
Is the only desire of my heart ;
Afflictions are pleasing to me.
Come on, tribulations and pain,
Your stings I'll with gladness receive,
My Jesus, the Lamb without stain,
Did suffer much more me to save.

If

If I did most impiously dare
 Th' omnipotent God to offend ;
 Why should not I patiently bear
 The pains he most justly doth send ?
 No torment on earth I'll refuse,
 Since I for some sinful desire,
 Heav'n's favour so oft did abuse,
 And merited hell's endless fire.

Send crosses, my Saviour dear,
 Thy goodness in this I adore ;
 Yes, punish and torture me here,
 But spare me when time is no more.
 Thy rigour I'll kindness esteem,
 By suffering I'll satisfy thee.
 What bitter to worldlings would seem,
 Is sweeter than honey to me.

What else would a Christian wish,
 But heav'n's endless bliss to attain ?
 The way, then, to this happiness
 Is thorough afflictions and pain.
 From Jesus's standard, no pain,
 No suffering, shall e'er make me fly ;
 To suffer for Jesus is gain,
 For him I am ready to die.

For Jesus I'm ready to die,
 As millions have done heretofore ;
 Looking up to the glory on high,
 By his aid, which I humbly implore.
 O Jesus, thy followers true
 I'll strive to be ever among :
 Of myself though I nothing can do,
 By the strength of thy grace I am strong.

THE REPENTING SINNER.

TUNE—LOCHABER NO MORE.

TOO long, my good God, have I wandered
from thee ;

My eyes are now opened, my danger I see ;
Entic'd by example, by passion urg'd on,
To the brink of my ruin I've heedlessly run ;
Asham'd of my folly, to thee I return,
And daily my sins, while I breathe, I will mourn ;
Have pity, forgive me, thy favour restore,
For I'm fully resolv'd to offend thee no more.

Ah ! why did I leave thee, thou fountain of
bliss !

In vain in thy creatures to seek happiness ?
For thee we are made, and 'tis only in thee
True peace and contentment obtained can be ;
But henceforth I'll love thee, thy laws I'll revere,
Thy favour I'll prize, and thy judgments I'll fear ;
I trust in thy grace, my rebellions are o'er,
From virtue's sweet paths I will wander no more.

My Maker, my Saviour, my God, and my all !
Here prostrate before thee in spirit I fall ;
I own I'm unworthy to lift up my eyes,
But a heart for sin grieved thou wilt not despise.
Ah ! why should I perish ? Have mercy, forgive,
Lord, speak but the word, and thy servant shall
live ;

Thro' the blood of the Lamb, I thy goodness
implore,
For pardon and grace to offend thee no more.

ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

TUNE—TWEED SIDE.

BLIND Cupid, your arrows resign,
 An infant assumes your empire,
 Whose flambeaus, far purer than thine,
 More powerfully kindle love's fire.
 All armed with charms from above,
 This night he descends to assert,
 As the sovereign monarch of love,
 His title to reign in our heart.

See how in a manger he lies,
 Who can those quick arrows controul,
 Which fly in such showers from his eyes,
 Transporting in raptures the soul.
 In raptures most pure and divine,
 Untainted with care or remorse,
 Which know not with age to decline,
 Nor, like the winds, alter their course.

Cease, Cupid, then, to tyrannize ;
 We adore the true monarch of love,
 And borrow chaste flames from his eyes,
 Our hearts and affections to move.
 Ye swains and nymphs, youthfully gay,
 The altars of Venus pull down,
 And bring the fair roses of May,
 December's sweet offspring to crown.

*THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S ADDRESS
To HER INFANT SON.*

TUNE—SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

UPON my lap my Sovereign fits,
And sucks upon my breast,
Meanwhile his love sustains my life,
And gives my body rest.
When thou hast taken thy repast,
Repose, my babe, on me,
So may thy mother and thy nurse,
Thy cradle also be.

I grieve my weakness doth not work
All that my wishing would,
Because I would not be to thee,
But in the best I could.
Yet as I am, and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Tho' all too little for thyself,
Vouchsafing to be mine.

My life, my words, my deeds, my thoughts,
And all that is in me,
I rather will not wish to use,
If not in serving thee;
My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,
My fruit, my flow'r, and bud,
My Jesus, and my only joy,
The sum of all my good.

My

My sweetness, and the dearest boon,
 That heav'n to earth could give,
 Soul of my love, life of my life,
 With me for ever live ;
 Live still with me, and be my love,
 And death will me refrain ;
 Unless thou let me die with thee,
 To live with thee again.

Cease now to mourn, O luckless Eve !
 Who caused thy race's woe ;
 Redress is found, and conquered is
 Thy fruit-alluring foe ;
 Thy fruit of death, from Eden sweet,
 Made thee in exile mourn,
 My fruit of life to Paradise
 Makes joyful thy return.

Grow up, sweet fruit, be nourish'd by
 These fountains two of me,
 They only flow with maiden milk,
 The only food for thee.
 The earth is now a heav'n become,
 And this poor hut of mine,
 A princely palace unto me,
 My son doth make to shine.

His eyes give gladness to my sight,
 When waking I him see ;
 In sleep his lovely countenance
 Gives bliss supreme to me.
 When I do take him in my arms,
 My heart is all on fire,
 A heav'nly flame pervades my soul,
 With languishing desire.

And

And when I kiss his lovely lips,
 His sweetly smelling breath
 Conveys a savour to my soul,
 That feeds love, hope, and faith ;
 Him sanctity itself doth serve,
 Him goodness doth attend,
 Him boundless mercy waits upon,
 And virtues all commend.

Three Kings their treasures hither brought,
 Of incense, myrrh, and gold ;
 That they heaven's treasure, and its King,
 Might in my arms behold.
 This heavenly treasure now is mine,
 This heavenly King I have ;
 O endless comfort of my heart !
 My joy and only love.

Great Kings and Prophets have desir'd
 To see what I possess ;
 Yet wish I never thee to see,
 If not in thankfulness.
 May heav'n and earth, and saints and men,
 Assistance give to me ;
 May all their joint concurring aid,
 Augment my thanks to thee !

And let th' ensuing blessed race,
 Thou art about to raise,
 Join all their praises unto mine,
 To multiply thy praise !
 And take my service in good part,
 And Joseph's here with me,
 Who of my husband bears the name,
 Thy servant for to be.

THE HAIL MARY.

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

HAIL ! Mary, full of heavenly grace,
 Our Lord abides with thee !
 Hail ! blest above thy sex's race,
 Blest shalt thou ever be !

Blest in thyself, but far more blest
 The grace that thou dost bring ;
 That blessed fruit, which from thy womb
 So blessedly doth spring.

Both now, and when we yield the ghost,
 To him prefer our case,
 Because his mercy lasteth most,
 And thou art full of grace.

 PROPHECIES OF A REDEEMER.

TUNE—GILDEROY.

THE sceptre Judah shall possess,	[<i>Gen.</i> xlix. 10.
Till the Messiah come,	
With men the Lord shall then converse,	[<i>Baruc.</i> iii. 38.
From David he is sprung.	[<i>Jer.</i> xxiii. 5.
A virgin pure shall him conceive,	[<i>Isa.</i> vii. 14.
In Bethlehem is his birth,	[<i>Mic.</i> v. 2.
From Kings he worship shall receive,	[<i>Psa.</i> lxxii. 10.
They come from East with myrrh.	[<i>Isa.</i> lx. 5.
For him shall infants lie in gore,	[<i>Jer.</i> xxxi. 15.
To Egypt he will fly,	[<i>Isa.</i> xix. 1. <i>Hof.</i> xi. 1.
An angel bright shall go before,	[<i>Mal.</i> iii. 1.
Preparing him the way.	[<i>Isa.</i> xl. 3.

- He is the Lamb of God on high,
By him are wonders done,
The deaf shall hear, the blind shall see,
To save us God will come.
- Poor fishermen shall chosen be ;
In parables he'll teach ;
In Capharnaum, Nephthali,
In Zebulon he'll preach ;
His mighty pow'r bread multiplies,
Upon an afs he'll ride,
Against him Kings and rulers rise,
On him our sins are laid.
- As pastor he'll be struck and die,
The flock dispers'd shall be ;
Both time and place foretold we spy,
And Judas' treachery ;
For thirty pieces he'll be sold,
False witnesses accuse,
They'll beat him, and will him blindfold,
With spittle they'll abuse.
- The wicked shall the just surround,
With stripes they him will tear ;
Scorn and derision past all bound,
And bitterness he'll bear.
Among transgressors they'll him roll,
For them he'll interceed,
As brazen serpent on the pole,
They'll fet him up with speed.
- They'll pierce his hands and feet with nails,
A bone they shall not break,
With wagging heads each at him rails,
His clothes by lots they take ;
They'll give him vinegar and gall,
They'll look on him they pierc'd ;
His soul descended into hell,
His flesh in grave shall rest.
- He'll rise again, and at command,
On high he will ascend,
There he will sit at God's right hand,
His spirit he will send.
- [*Isa.* xvi. 1.
[*Isa.* xxxv. 4. &c.
[*Isa.* xxxv. 4,
[*Fer.* xvi. 16.
[*Psal.* lxxviii. 2.
[*Isa.* ix. 1.
[*Joel* ii. 23, 24.
[*Zachar.* ix. 9.
[*Psal.* ii. 2.
[*Isa.* lii. 4.
[*Zachar.* xiii. 7.
[*Dan.* xi. 23.
[*Psal.* xli. 10.
[*Zachar.* xi. 12.
[*Psal.* xxvii. 12,
[*Isa.* l. 6.
[*Wisd.* ii 12.
[*Psal.* xxxvii. 18.
[*Lam.* iii. 14.
[*Isa.* liii. 12.
[*Num.* xxi. 8.
[*Psa.* xxi. 17.
[*Nzm.* ix. 12.
[*Psal.* xxii. 8.
[*Psal.* xxii. 19.
[*Psal.* lxix. 22.
[*Zach* xii. 10.
[*Psal.* xvi. 10.
[*Psal.* iii. 5.
[*sal.* xlvii. 6.
[*Psal.* cx. 1.
[*Joel* ii. 28. *Zach.* xii. 10.

The Jewish sacrifices cease,
 Jerusalem shall fall,
 A new pure sacrifice to thee
 Succeeds, and goes through all.

[*Mal. i. 10. 11.*

A priest for ever he will be
 Of Melchisedeck's race ;
 Converted Gentiles then we'll see,
 Through all they'll take the place ;
 Each iota as foretold is done,
 The mighty Lord hath spoke,
 The great Messiah then is come,
 All must take up his yoke.

[*Psal. cx. 4.*[*Heb. v. 5.*[*Psal. xix. 4. Isa. lxvi.*
19, 20.

THOUGHTS ON SUFFERINGS.

TUNE—LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

SWEET Jesus, crown'd with thorn,
 To thy sharp wounds I'll go,
 They comfort the forlorn ;
 Myself in them I'll throw ;
 All those with whom you're pleased,
 You with afflictions try ;
 By them your wrath's appeased,
 Who with your will comply.

The portion of your servants,
 In this low vale of tears,
 Is to bear stripes and torments,
 At them tho' nature fears.
 You made yourself example,
 That we might follow you,
 All joys on earth you trample,
 You suffering still we view.

Yes, Jesus, King of glory,
 Afflicted still I see,
 O wretch, dare I be sorry,
 For what afflicteth me ?
 For me, though sore tormented,
 When I my Lord observe,
 How can I be lamented ?
 All torments I deserve.

If all my sins be urged,
 How guilty shall I be ?
 When innocence is scourged,
 What should be done to me ?
 Both heaven and earth, offended,
 Require a just revenge,
 But God to mercy bended,
 Does hell for pain exchange.

My Lord was still in torment,
 While he had mortal breath ;
 Shall I not make atonement,
 For whom he suffer'd death ?
 A member of that Jesus
 Whom my sins nail'd on tree :
 Dare I seek here my eases,
 Or any wretch like me ?

Strike, strike, O God, and make me
 Be like my suffering Lord,
 Let all the earth forsake me,
 Thy grace to me accord.
 Come death, pain, shame, and sickness,
 Come scourges, sorrow, grief,
 These mercies are, and meekness,
 All sent for my relief.

By these my soul is purged,
 From pains still due to sin :
 God crowns whom he has scourged,
 If they bear all for him.
 All grief, affliction, anguish,
 Shall still be my relief,
 On earth still let me languish,
 Till heaven shall end my grief.

Whom God loves he chastiseth ;
 O Lord, then spare not me ;
 Here cut, here burn, as pleaseth,
 Let me be lov'd by thee.
 The more thy hand afflicteth,
 Thy grace abounds the more ;
 I'll kiss the rod that striketh,
 I'll suffer for thy gloire.



REGRET ON THE LOSS OF TIME.

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

O THE years ! the many many years !
 That I have liv'd in vain !
 Oh ! could I by my sighs and tears,
 Recal them back again !

But no, they're gone, they're ever ever gone !
 No power can them restore ;
 And all the moments I have run
 Are lost for evermore.

The health and strength that God me lent,
 To save my precious soul,

In vice and folly I have spent,
Sinning without controul.

And now the prime of life is past,
My force, I feel, decays.
Then let me manage, at the last,
My few remaining days.

Let me, with broken heart and mind,
Revise each guilty hour ;
Perhaps I mercy yet may find,
And live and sin no more.

What tho' my crimes more num'rous are
Than stars in winter sky ?
What tho' again they're redder far,
Than scarlet's deepest dye ?

One saving drop of that dear blood,
Which from the side did fall
Of Him that hung upon the wood,
Can soon expunge them all.

Have pity, then, O gracious Lord,
And my remittance sign ;
'The more thy mercy shall accord,
'The greater glory thine.

'Thou surely hast not said in vain,
" More joy in heaven is made,
" For the lost sheep that's found again,
" Than those that never stray'd."

'Thy grace my aid, no more I'll stray,
No more misknow thy voice ;

Where

Where thou, my shepherd, lead'st the way,
That way shall be my choice.

Too long, alas ! my wand'ring feet
The crooked paths have trod ;
Henceforth I'll follow, as is meet,
The sure unerring road.

If casual falls retard my pace,
With speed again I'll rise,
With speed I'll reassume the race,
And run, and gain the prize.



SOUL IN DESOLATION.

TUNE—YELLOW HAIRED LADDIE.

AS mourns the sad turtle, when left by her
mate,
And with aking heart does lament her cruel fate,
So mourns my poor soul, O my God, after thee,
Whene'er thy sweet face thou withdrawest
from me.

With sad gloomy thoughts, my poor heart
then oppress'd,
Doth search on all sides, but can nowhere find
rest ;
No comforts from creatures have power then
to please,
Even music delights not, no friend can give ease.

The world all around seems a desert to me,
Where nothing but sights of affliction I see ;
And

And I like a wretch on the brink of despair,
A ghastly sad spectre to myself do appear.

O leave not my soul thus in sorrow to mourn!
Return, O my God, my good God, now return!
'Tis only thy presence that can make me blest,
'Tis only thy hand can restore me my rest.

The sight of thee only can cheer my sad heart,
Dispel all my fears, and confirm every part;
Then hide not thy face, I conjure thee, nor leave
My wearied soul, longer thy absence to grieve.

My heart is quite failing! I can do no more,
But, with broken sighs, thy return I implore.
Come! Come! then, my God, for I scarcely
can cry,
“O help me, sweet Jesus, I pant! faint! and
die!”

ACTS OF VIRTUES.

TUNE—I WOULD LOVE THEE.

ADORATION.

ETERNAL Majesty supreme,
Still Three in One—still God the same,
I thee adore, and Lord proclaim;
Thy greatness only moves me;
O my Lord! my sovereign King,
I do love thee, I do love thee,
O my Lord, above all things,
O greatness! I do love thee.

O first

O first beginning and last end !
 Thy greatness does on none depend,
 Thy pow'r did all from nothing send,
 Thy will did only move thee ;
 O my Lord ! life's only spring !
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 Of nothing thou didst make all things.
 There nothing is above thee.

O greatness in the greatest height !
 We all are nothing in thy sight,
 None but thyself can know thy might,
 Thy majesty does move me ;
 O my Lord ! still Three in One !
 I do love thee, I do love thee,
 There's nothing great but thou alone,
 O majesty ! I love thee.

FAITH.

ETERNAL Truth ! in all immense !
 I do believe what comes from hence ;
 Thy word all truth does firmly fence,
 Thy sov'reign truth still moves me.
 O my Lord ! still without guile,
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 All that is truth thou dost reveal ;
 Eternal truth ! I love thee.

All that thy church, the ground of truth,
 Does once propose, as from thy mouth,
 I still believe it as thy oath ;
 Revealing truth still moves me.
 O my Lord ! my faithful King,
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 O truth

O truth itself in every thing ;
O source of truth, I love thee.

Thy church is built upon a rock,
Still proof against all hellish stroke,
By her mouth truth still guides thy flock,
Her words are true, and move me.

O my Lord ! Truth's only spring,
I do love thee, I do love thee ;
Thy faithful spouse in every thing,
Still teaching truth, does move me.

HOPE.

ETERNAL Mercy ! I rely
Upon thy boundless clemency,
Tho' drown'd in sin, to thee I fly,
Thy mercy only moves me.

O my Lord ! most clement King !
I do love thee, I do love thee ;
O merciful in every thing !
Thy boundless mercy moves me.

Thy mighty pow'r can give me grace,
To keep thy law, and run my race,
Until I see thee face to face,
To hope, thy promise moves me.

O my Lord ! my faithful King !
I do love thee, I do love thee ;
Thou'rt faithful in minutest thing,
Thy promises still move thee.

Thy mercy o'er thy works still goes,
Above our merit it o'erflows,
In it alone I still repose,
E'en when my crimes reprove me.

O my

O my Lord ! my clement King !
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 Thy mercies I'll for ever sing,
 Thy boundless mercies move me.

CONTRITION.

ETERNAL goodness ! I deplore,
 That I offended thee so fore ;
 With help of grace I'll sin no more ;
 Thy sovereign goodness moves me.
 O my Lord ; my lovely King !
 I do love thee, I do love thee,
 My conscience does me sorely sting,
 That e'er I failed to love thee.

O goodness ! in supreme degree,
 What wretch am I, who flighted thee ?
 O source of goodness ! pardon me,
 My wickedness reproves me.
 O my Lord ! I now begin,
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 Augment my grief for ev'ry sin,
 Let thy great goodness move thee.

O goodness ! which I did contemn,
 I do for thee my sins condemn,
 I'll rather die than sin again,
 Thy goodness only moves me.
 O my Lord ! my love increase,
 I do love thee, I do love thee,
 Confirm my purpose with thy grace ;
 Thy goodness makes me love thee.

LOVE OF GOD.

ETERNAL Beauty ! source of love !
 That still inflames the quires above ;
 Excessive beauty does me move,
 With all my soul to love thee.

O my Lord ! my lovely one !
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 All beauty comes from thee alone,
 O beauty ! I do love thee.

Thy beauty, Lord, does ravish me ;
 If it the souls in hell could see,
 Their endless pain would no pain be,
 They would for ever love thee.

O my Lord ! thy beauty's full,
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 'Tis infinitely charming still,
 Thy sov'reign beauty moves me.

O beauty ! God's own pure delight !
 Both heav'n and hell put out of sight,
 For thy own self, with all my might,
 I will for ever love thee,

O my Lord ! all beauty's spring !
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 O grant me but this only thing,
 That dying I may love thee.

LOVE OF OUR NEIGHBOUR.

O goodness ! beauty ! majesty !
 O mercy ! pow'r ! O truth ! for thee
 All men on earth are dear to me,
 Thy pleasure only moves me.

O my

O my Lord ! thy love is great ;
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 I love all mankind for thy sake,
 To this thy will does move me.

Let them slight me, and me injure,
 Let them me hate, and death procure,
 My love for them shall still endure,
 Forgiving them I'll love thee.

O my Lord ! Love's only term !
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 I thee offend, if them I harm ;
 In loving them I love thee.

Thy work and image them I see,
 Thy blood them all from sin did free,
 To blifs they're made co-heirs with thee,
 Thy love for them still moves me.

O my Lord ! thus do I close,
 I do love thee, I do love thee ;
 May all men, e'en my mortal foes,
 In blifs for ever love thee.



HYMN OF JUDITH.

TUNE—ETRICK BANKS.

BEGIN with joyful hearts your songs,
 To God your cheerful voices raise,
 To you, my sons, it well belongs,
 In Sion to proclaim his praise.

Great is the Lord ! invoke his name,
 Declare his wonders all around,
 In peace and war, his mighty fame,
 Shew forth in songs, and trumpets found.

Amidst his faithful flock he deigns
 In peace to keep his fix'd abode,
 But o'er their enemies he reigns,
 With direful justice' awful rod.
 From northern climes proud Assur came,
 Trusting his strength in multitudes ;
 His armies, numberless to name,
 O'erspread the plains, dried up the floods.

My lands he vaunted to destroy,
 And put my sprightly sons to sword,
 To seize my children for his prey,
 My virgins for his haughty lord ;
 But lo ! our mighty God defends
 Our cause, and humbles all his pride,
 His potent help to woman lends,
 Which to the mighty he denied.

He fell not by the valiant arms
 Of giant's strength and fortitude,
 Merari's daughter's powerful charms,
 Even Judith's hand his force withstood.
 Her widow's garb she lays aside,
 No more a mourner she appears,
 But dresses out in all the pride
 Of sprightly charms and youthful years.

Her head she decks, anoints her face,
 Our great destroyer to confound ;
 Her hair adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 In charming ringlets waves around.

Struck

Struck with amaze, the haughty lord,
 While to her charms he captive lay,
 From off his body, with his sword,
 His head she severs quite away.

Say, Persia, what amazement then
 Seiz'd all your valiant sons? What fear?
 What dire astonishment, ye men
 Of Media, sunk you to despair?
 How were your camps, Assyria, fill'd
 With howlings on that dreadful day,
 When all your sons were forc'd to yield
 Their haughty hearts to woman's sway?

How dreadful, Lord, through ev'ry land,
 Is thy great name! how just thy praise!
 None dares rebel 'gainst thy command;
 None dares against thee murmurs raise.
 Before thy face the tow'ring hills,
 From all their deep foundations, groan;
 The rocks like wax melt down; the vales
 Submissive own thy power alone.

How are thy servants truly great!
 To them thy blessings overflow;
 But all who thy just service hate
 Must headlong to destruction go.
 To thee our grateful hearts we raise,
 To thee we will for ever sing,
 All honour, glory, worship, praise,
 To thee, our good and gracious King.

THE HAPPY MAN.

TUNE—MILL MILL, O.

WHAT tho' my station is but low ?

My soul is full as great—O,
As their's who highest places fill,
And live in pomp and state—O.
One God creates both them and me,
From equal nothing draws—O,
I can enjoy as well as they
That great eternal Cause—O.

What tho' another shines in power,
And honours him surround ?—O
The grave will make us equal all,
And level with the ground—O.
No diff'rence there between the King,
And subject e'er so mean—O,
There rich and poor, and high and low,
On equal terms are seen—O.

What tho' I cannot stretch my thought,
And nature's depths explore—O ?
I can th' eternal mighty God,
With humble heart adore—O.
In resignation to his will,
True happiness is found—O ;
And, without that, whate'er you know,
Is but an empty sound—O.

What tho' I am bereft of friends ?
I'm not for that alone—O ;
Angels attend me, God protects,
And owns me for his son—O.

In sweet converse with these I range
 Thro' all the heav'ns above—O,
 And thro' celestial regions pure,
 In contemplation move—O.

From such employment perfect joy,
 And undisturb'd repose—O,
 Free from the shadow of all change,
 Uninterrupted flows—O.
 What creature can my peace destroy?
 Or happiness impair?—O.
 He who controuls the raging seas,
 Alone can make me fear—O.

What tho' I have not riches store?
 My mind is more content—O,
 Than if ten thousand pounds a year
 Were on my pleasures spent—O.
 No anxious care my heart invades,
 No envious thoughts oppress—O,
 I neither aim at being more,
 Nor fear the being less—O.

What tho' I cannot cast my eyes
 On lands and fields as mine—O,
 For me the heav'ns display their charms,
 Their sparkling beauties shine—O.
 The gaudy pomp of worldly pride
 I heartily despise—O,
 When to that glorious azure cope
 I raise my wond'ring eyes—O.

The beauties of a sun-shine day
 Afford my soul delight—O,
 And wat'ry clouds with coloured bow,
 Do charm my ravish'd sight—O.

The gorgeous liv'ry of the spring
 Tells me my Maker's there ;—O,
 And gloomy winter's frozen locks
 His presence still declare—O.

The fields, the groves, the flow'ry hills,
 The meads and purling brooks—O,
 Display more charms, contain more sense,
 Than all the learn'dst books—O ;
 These to my heart do clearly shew,
 The God that rules on high—O,
 Whose bounteous providence pervades
 The whole with watchful eye—O.

This thought can each misfortune sad
 Into a blessing turn—O,
 And joy within my breast create
 From what makes others mourn—O.
 To yield to his command is just,
 And easy done his will—O ;
 To those who know the force of love,
 Which strives to please him still—O.

Then let who will shine out in gold,
 And ride in coach and fix—O,
 I still in virtue's sacred paths,
 My happiness will fix—O.
 I envy no man's wealth and pow'r,
 Nor those who me excel—O,
 Their happiness increases mine,
 For I wish all men well—O.

Whatever God vouchsafes to give,
 I take with thankful heart—O.
 And all I have to others can
 With chearfulness impart—O.

No man I can esteem my foe,
 Or at his success pine—O,
 On whom th' Almighty has bestow'd
 The human face divine—O.

I can partake of others' joys,
 If they from virtue spring—O.
 And heartily deplore the ills
 That on themselves they bring—O.
 Yet no consideration can
 Retard my ready hand—O,
 From helping to my utmost pow'r
 Those that in need do stand—O.

Thus I go on from day to day,
 And nothing dread but sin—O,
 My God I love, for God alone,
 And all things else for him—O.
 My hopes are in his bounty fix'd,
 That he will ne'er forsake—O,
 A soul which Jesus Christ redeem'd,
 And his own hand did make—O.

With pleasure I expect the hour,
 Which shall the knot untie—O,
 And free my love-sick longing soul,
 That she may mount on high—O,
 To those celestial blest abodes,
 Where purest joys spring—O,
 And there her Saviour's praises loud
 For endless ages sing—O.

ON DETRACTION AND RASH JUDGMENT.

TUNE—WHIRRY WHIGS.

WHEN I go visit up and down,
I know not what to say—man,
Each neighbour's name is still undone,
This is the common play—man.
At tea, or coffee, or at noon,
When I my dinner take—man,
Defects of absent persons come,
This is the table talk—man.

Both gentlemen and ladies too,
Both clergy and the clown—man.
Whatever secret is, or new,
If it be ill renown—man,
All strive the first to tell it out,
And author love to be—man,
From hand to hand it runs about :
But “ Tell not this from me”—man.

No matter whether false or true
It be that does defame—man,
As certain all do it avow,
The absent bears the blame—man.
To save the absent, if you hint,
That it is but a lie—man,
Backbiters, sparkling fire like flint,
By oaths, “ 'Tis true,” reply—man.

At every word detraction sounds,
And runs without a rule—man,

At

At every stroke, three mortal wounds
 It stabs unto the soul—man.
 The soul that hears, the soul that speaks,
 And absent's name is tore—man,
 They ne'er can enter heaven's gates,
 Till they this theft restore—man.

In all the earth where is our law ?
 Where is the new command ?—man,
 In word of God is there a flaw ?
 Must we not to it stand ?—man.
 “ Do so as you would wish that all
 “ Unto yourself should do”—man ;
 “ And, as yourself, love great and small,”
 This is our law we view—man.

In all detraction thus we break,
 We slight God and his law—man.
 We God and heav'n thus forsake,
 And ly in death's black jaw—man.
 ‘ No mercy God will ever show
 “ To those who mercy want”—man.
 No whisperers do mercy know,
 On others grief they rant—man.

Who privily doth slander one,
 That man God will cut off—man,
 For the transgression of his tongue,
 To judge him is enough—man.
 His own destruction is his mouth,
 His lips his soul do snare—man,
 He diggeth evil up for truth,
 His lips are burning fire—man.

The scripture asks a question here,
 “ Who with our Lord shall dwell ?”—man.
 The

The answer is both strong and clear,
 It surely bindeth all—man,
 “Who doth not slander with his tongue,
 “And neighbour does not hurt”—man
 “Nor does against him, to his wrong,
 “Take up an ill report”—man.

But whisperers do nothing say,
 But what the throng does tell—man;
 But this excuse will never do,
 ‘Tis throng that fills up hell—man.
 The way is broad, and many go;
 The throng does fill it up—man.
 “The way to bliss is narrow so,
 “There’s few that find it out”—man.

And when you do another judge,
 As guilty of a crime—man,
 Upon a word that rashly ran,
 Or enemies did coin—man;
 You judge him worthy for to die,
 Or of eternal fire—man;
 “This is the doom,” God will reply,
 “Your judgment does require”—man.

The Judge of Judges you preveen,
 And run into his room—man;
 Before his judgment can be seen,
 You rashly give the doom—man.
 With your own judgment that you make,
 Thus you yourself condemn—man;
 So your own judgment God will take,
 To judge yourself again—man.

So those who whisper and backbite,
 And slander do pursue—man,

As raging thieves, without respite,
 And murderers we'll view—man;
 Their condemnation with their tongue
 Upon themselves they bring—man,
 This unretracted will alone
 Be their eternal sting—man.

Let them remember, in a word,
 What our sweet Lord hath said—man,
 For it will pierce them like a sword,
 When to their charge 'tis laid—man.
 "Thou hypocrite, take out the beam
 "That in thine eye doth lie,"—man,
 "Before that e'er thou speak or dream
 "Of motes in neighbour's eye,"—man.

Judge then, if you wish to have ease,
 When you give up the ghost—man,
 Ne'er speak the word that can displease,
 For none of those are lost—man.
 They'll meet you all, at your last gasp,
 In judgment they will stand—man,
 Each then will pierce like sting of asp,
 They break the new command—man.

Let men reflect on what they blame,
 They think 'tis ill and true—man,
 But judging others to their shame,
 Sins on themselves accrue—man.
 Those whom they blame cannot be worse,
 Than to deserve hell's flame—man,
 But slanderers deserve this curse,
 When others they defame—man.

Thus whisperers by speaking broad,
 Acquire the fire of hell—man,

And

And for what lies not in their road,
 Their souls to fatan sell—man.
 Those whom they blame become not worse,
 By their empoison'd tongue—man,
 But 'tis a means by daily cros
 Eternally to reign—man.



ON THE NATIVITY.

TUNE—ROSLIN CASTLE:

DRAW near, ye haughty fons of earth,
 Attend your Saviour's humble birth;
 Behold his love of poverty,
 From him false honours learn to fly.
 To save mankind from sin and hell,
 He deign'd to take our nature frail;
 An humble mother too he choos'd,
 A virgin to a man espous'd.

To Bethlehem 'midst winter's cold,
 This couple went to be enroll'd,
 Where, far from home, in want severe,
 'This virgin mother's time drew near.
 A lodging they sought to procure,
 The inn was fill'd, and they were poor;
 Thus He who does for all provide,
 An habitation is deny'd.

A stable was at last obtain'd,
 Wherein an ox and ass remain'd,
 And this must be the first abode
 Of Jesus our incarnate God;

The

The new-born babe, with feeble hands,
 The mother wrapt in swaddling bands,
 And he who earth and heaven made,
 'Mong straw is in a manger laid.

In that country were shepherd swains,
 Who watch'd their flocks upon the plains,
 By night, all seated on the ground,
 A heavenly light shone all around.
 Their limbs were seiz'd with trembling fear,
 When lo ! an angel did appear,
 Ye shepherds, let no fears annoy,
 I bring you tidings of great joy.

In Bethlehem this chearful morn,
 The Saviour of mankind is born,
 In meanly swaddling cloaths array'd,
 And in an ox's manger laid.
 This said ; appeared in the air
 A number of the heav'nly choir,
 In strains celestial did they sing,
 The praises of their new-born King.

The angels gone, the shepherds say,
 " To Bethleh'm let us take our way,
 " And see this word the Lord hath shown,
 " This infant for our Saviour own ;"
 Then they explor'd the favour'd spot,
 And reach'd at length the humble cot,
 Where finding all things as was said,
 Fell prostrate, and their homage paid.

Then they relate how all had been,
 What wonders they had heard and seen,
 The heav'nly tale abroad was blaz'd,
 Whilst all that heard it were amaz'd ;

Blest Mary, with a cheerful heart,
 Deep ponders all things they impart;
 With love divine the shepherds burn,
 And glorifying God, return.

J. C.



A CHRISTMASS ODE.

WHILE the welkin melodiously rings,
 With glory redounding on high,
 And chorus angelical sings
 'The peace which descends from the sky ;

Why lurks in my bosom fell pain ?
 Why struggles my heart amidst grief ?
 Why foster my follies in vain ?
 When heaven affords such relief.

Deign, heaven, my drooping to cheer,
 'T' alleviate my sorrow and smart ;
 May this harmony ravish my ear !
 May this peacefulness quiet my heart !

My heart then, no fyren shall vex,
 Allure, and deceive, and annoy :
 No keen disappointment perplex,
 No blifs by enjoyment shall cloy.

Let worldlings gross pleasures pursue,
 And reason's high powers brutalize ;
 Let them banish their God from their view,
 Religion and conscience despise.

Yet conscience incessantly cries,
 Remorſes ſtill ſting and corrode,

And

And sweet peace from that mansion e'er flies,
Where demons have fixt their abode.

Be mine the sweet pleasure which flows
From innocence, source of pure joy ;
Which raptures perennial bestows,
Untainted with guilty alloy.

With what peace your blest cherubs an-
O Saviour ! replenish my mind, (nounce,
What to do you require, what renounce,
Me ready and faithful you'll find.

With the shepherds of Bethlehem's plains,
I'll the stable and manger explore,
And in grateful simplicity's strains,
My God wrapt in swaddlings adore.

Such humble debasement must make
His goodness more lovely appear ;
With the tears he has shed for my sake,
Shall I grumble to mingle a tear ?

Whom bards and all nature foretold,
Whom nations and kings long'd to see,
In the fulness of time we behold
Incarnate, yet true Deity.

Man had forfeited honour and grace,
Nor could cure the sad ill he deplor'd ;
Now *justice* and *mercy* embrace,
And man is to favour restor'd.

The favour our Jesus procur'd,
By example he taught to maintain,

And hence from his birth he endur'd
Humility, poverty, pain.

With such leader we'll vanquish each foe,
All satan's allurements deride :
For a crown can we grudge to forego
False pleasure, ambition, and pride ?

J. C.



ON THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

TUNE—ETRICK BANKS.

'TO Jesus tune your sweetest lays,
To every ear his praise impart ;
His lovely name a charm conveys,
Which fills with transport all my heart.

Who Jesus taste, shall hunger still ;
Who Jesus drink, shall thirst the more ;
Nor is there aught our hearts fill
But Jesus, whom we all adore.

O dearest Jesus, be my love,
My love-sick heart but pants for thee ;
O let my pious tears thee move
To lend an ear, and pity me.

But hark ! methinks his voice I hear,
" I come, my fair, nor can delay."
What music to my ravish'd ear !
My soul enraptur'd melts away.

In heavenly converse with my God,
 In tender sighs my heart shall waste ;
 Till, loosen'd from this cumbrous load,
 Eternal joys with him I'll taste.

To Jesus, from a virgin sprung,
 My life, my spouse, for length of days,
 Through heaven's vaulted tow'rs be sung,
 For boundless ages, endless praise.

J. C

ON THE RESURRECTION.

TUNE—FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

LET notes of joy each tongue employ,
 Let angels and each seraph sing,
 A heav'nly lay, 'tis Easter day,
 The triumph of our glorious King ;
 On wings of love we'll soar above,
 Our faith and hope cannot be vain ;
 Since Christ our head rose from the dead,
 His members, we, shall rise again.

J. C.

ON OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION.

TUNE—MARY'S DREAM.

AURORA just, on Sion hill
 And Siloe's brook, had shed her ray,
 Th' orient sky grew brighter still,
 And usher'd in the chearful day.

When Mary with her spices came,
 T' embalm the body of her Lord ;
 Her heart, consum'd with ardent flame,
 Forgot his sure unerring word.

The stone she fear'd, an angel bright
 Descending swift had roll'd away,
 All shining in celestial light,
 His heavenly voice was heard to say :
 " Fear not : I know you Jesus seek ;
 " 'To life return'd, he's here no more.
 " Why steal the tears a-down thy cheek ?
 " Remember what he said before."

Increasing roll'd the briny flood,
 Now joy the source, now doubtful pain ;
 Close by the sacred grave she stood,
 And look'd, and wept, and look'd again.
 In vain her search : but, turning now,
 She Jesus saw in form unknown.
 " Why, Sion's daughter, weepest thou ?
 " Whom seek those sighs and plaintive moan?"

" If Him, for whom I feel these pains,
 " Thou hast remov'd from where he lay,
 " Ah ! say where lodge those dear remains,
 " That I may bear them hence away."
 Then he, with accent sweet and mild,
 Soft, " Mary," said. Her Lord she knew,
 And, prostrate, wish'd his sacred feet
 Her streaming tears might yet bedew.

" Suspend a while thy tender care,
 " 'Ere I ascend thou'lt yet me see ;
 " Hasten, let my friends thy gladness share,
 " And bid them mourn no more for me.
 " Enough

“ Enough thy tears have bath’d my feet ;
 “ Enough they’ve cleans’d all stain from thee.
 “ We soon in endless blifs shall meet,
 “ So, Mary, weep no more for me.”

J. C.



ON ST. AUGUSTINE’S CONVERSION.

TUNE—BY SMOOTH-WINDING TAY.

RESISTLESS thy darts,
 O Christ, when designing
 To pierce those proud hearts
 Which spurn at thy reigning :
 With one gentle stroke
 Their fury thou smother’s ;
 And, tam’d to thy yoke,
 Appoint’st to rule others.

Thus Augustine, swell’d
 With vain human science ;
 All laws which withheld
 Him, set at defiance.
 The love which became,
 He foolishly waved ;
 And by a false flame
 Was vainly enslaved.

But when lovely truth,
 From darkness emerging,
 Shone full on the youth
 His knowledge enlarging ;
 Scar’d night flew away,
 A bright heavenly fire,

Dispell’d

Dispell'd by its ray
All lawless desire.

A-down the tears roll,
Thick sighs came a crowding ;
While, close on his soul,
The Spirit sits brooding :
His chains he soon broke ;
And being baptized,
In Christ's gentle yoke
True liberty prized.

Then truth sought in vain,
Midst gloomy recesses,
Returns back again
And meets his embraces ;
His heart set aright,
His soul well disposed,
He feeds on true light,
With a mind quite composed.

J. C.



To A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

TUNE—TWEEDSIDE.

SWEET Angel, to whose pious care,
Kind Providence did me assign,
Defend me from each latent snare,
And watch o'er this pupil of thine ;
Disdain not, bright spirit, to lend
Thy friendly protection to me,
O deign to my weakness to bend,
Which cannot arise unto thee.

What

What tho' of inferior mould,
 Depressed with bodily clay,
 Like thee I'm destin'd to behold
 My God in an unclouded day !
 Since therefore our end is the same,
 The same final blifs our reward,
 May we still be united in aim,
 In friendship and mutual regard.

Since I'm by an angel, unseen,
 Attended in every place,
 Shall I, by an action that's mean,
 My dignity ever disgrace ?
 My wishes shall be what they ought ;
 My sighs still to heaven ascend ;
 My breast shall ne'er harbour a thought,
 Can thee, my good angel, offend.

No ambush, no foe, will I dread,
 No legions of demons I'll fear,
 Each path I securely shall tread,
 Whilst thou, my kind guardian, art near ;
 When death shall have closed my eyes,
 Together our course we will bend,
 Above the æthereal skies,
 To pleasures and joys without end.

J. C.

ON ST. JOSEPH'S DAY.

TUNE—ALLOA HOUSE.

COME, all ye glad faithful, and joyfully
 bring
 Your harps and your voices, conjointly to sing
 Blest Joseph's high triumph, who now doth
 ascend
 To joys without measure, and life without end ;
 O thrice blessed Joseph, thrice happy thy fate,
 On whose final breath such protection did wait,
 Since the Lamb without spot, and the Virgin
 most pure,
 With aspect serene, did attend thy last hour.

In placid sweet slumbers, thou yieldest thy
 breath,
 Dissolv'd from the body, victorious o'er death,
 To Abraham's bosom thy spirit did fly,
 And waited its Saviour to waft it on high ;
 Soon mankind's Redeemer by death on the
 cross,
 Subdu'd death and hell, and repaired our loss,
 He ransom'd the captives, who long were de-
 tain'd,
 And led them to heav'n, as trophies he'd gain'd.

Great saint, now thou reignest triumphant
 in joy,
 All drowned in pleasures which never will cloy,
 O be then our patron, for great is thy pow'r,
 Obtain for us peace, and a happy last hour ;
 O God of the saints, ever-bless'd Deity,
 In Trinity one, and in Unity three,

In

To thee from all creatures be honour and praise,
Who crownest thy servants with ne'er-fading
bays.

J. C.

*THE REQUEST OF A SOUL IN
PURGATORY.*

TUNE ———.

FROM lake where water does not go,
A prisoner of hope below,
To mortal ones
I push my groans,
In hopes they'll pity me.

O mortals that still live above,
Your faith, hope, pray'rs, and alms, and love,
Still merit place
With God's sweet grace ;
O faithful, pity me.

My fervent groans don't merit here,
Strict justice only does appear,
My smallest faults,
And needless talks,
Heap chains and flames on me.

'Tho' mortal guilt does not remain,
I still am due the temp'ral pain,
I did delay
To satisfy,
Past coldness scorcheth me.

Tepidity

Tepidity, and good works done
 With imperfections mixt, here come ;
 All these neglects,
 And least defects,
 Great anguish bring on me.

Tho' my defects here be not spar'd,
 Yet endless gloire for me's prepar'd,
 I love in flames,
 And hope in chains ;
 O friends, then, pity me.

My God, my father, is most dear,
 For me your sighs and pray'rs he'll hear ;
 Tho' just laws scourge,
 His mercies urge,
 That you would pity me.

Thro' pains and flames I'll come to him,
 They purge me both from stain and sin ;
 When I'm set free,
 Their friends I'll be,
 Who now do pity me.

The smallest thing that could defile
 Keeps me from blifs in this exile.
 God loves to see,
 That you me free ;
 For his love pity me.

For me who alms give, fast, or pray,
 Great store of grace will come their way ;
 By this good thought
 Great help is brought,
 And souls from sin set free.

If you for me now do not pray,
The utmost farthing I must pay,
The time is hid
That I'll be rid,
Unless you pity me.

In mortal sin who yields his breath,
Pray not for him behind his death.
All mortal crime
I quit in time;
O faithful pity me.

For me good works may be practis'd,
Thus some were for the dead baptis'd.
Such pains endure,
For me, and sure
You'll help and pity me.

For his good friend, as scriptures say,
Onesiphorus, Paul did pray. [2 *Tim* i. 16. 18.
His words, you see,
Urge the n for me;
And thus you'll pity me.

This third place clear in writ you spy,
Where all your works the fire will try,
From death some rose,
Sure then all those,
From third place were set free.

In hell there's no redemption found;
God ne'er degrades whom he once crown'd,
These judgments both
Are firm'd by oath,
And absolute decree.

For all the saints pray'r should be made:
 Who stand in need, alive or dead.
 I stand in need,
 That you with speed
 Should help and pity me.

In presence of our sweetest Lord,
 For dead they pray'd, as all accord.
 Christ did not blame
 What I now claim;
 O haste and pity me.

To a third place Christ's soul did go,
 And preach'd to spirits here below;
 This in the creed
 And writ you read,
 That you may pity me.

When Christ on earth would stay no more,
 These captives freed he brought to gloire;
 There I will be,
 And soon set free,
 If you would pity me.

Mind then communion of the saints,
 All should supply each others wants:
 In pains and chains,
 And scorching flames,
 I languish; pity me.

Eternal rest, eternal gloire,
 Eternal light, eternal store,
 To them accord,
 O sweetest Lord;
 There's mercy still with thee.

Let mercy stay thy just revenge,
 Their scorching flames to glory change,
 The precious flood
 Of thy own blood
 For them we offer thee.

*THE DIFFERENCE BETWIXT IMAGE
 AND IDOL.*

TUNE—ALLOA HOUSE.

WHO image and idol hold one thing to be,
 Shew ignorance, folly, and blind herefy;
 They God's word, his doings, and nature condemn,

All ages, all nations, all practice, all men;
 An idol is nothing, as writ says most clear,

[1 Cor. viii. 4.

It still forgeth something that ne'er did appear,
 As if in dull idols some Godhead did lye;
 It was to such gods that the Gentiles did fly.

An image signs something both real and true,
 That once was in being, and some men did view,
 That so was by nature, as imag'd we see,
 Or took the same likeness if spirit it be;
 And thus, without fiction, in image we spy
 How Christ for all mankind on crosses once did
 die,

And his virgin mother afflicted we see,
 With John the beloved at foot of the tree.

Thus angels were seen like bright youths, as
writ says, [*St. Luke xxiv. 4.*
Like man in old age was seen ancient of days,
[*Dan. vii. 9.*
Like tongues came the spirit of love from above,
[*Acts ii. 3, 4.*
And took at the Jordan the form of a dove.
[*St. Mat. iii. 16.*
Such image as God to himself so did frame,
Is it idol-making to point out the same ?
Since we, when we read it, must frame it in
mind,
What makes it an idol, when painted we find ?

God's word says expressly, " No idol thou'lt
" make,
" Nor worship, nor bow thyself down, for its
" sake."
If making of image and idol we join,
All nations make idols in imaging coin ;
All covet these idols, all wish to have more,
Reformers esteem then what they should
abhor ;
So long thus as coin is approved by them,
We will by their own mouths reformers con-
demn.

Their bibles an image in frontispiece bear,
With such they deck towns and their rooms
without fear,
With art their own image they nicely cause
draw,
If image be idol, they sure break the law ;
Tho' God forbids idols, in writ yet 'tis said,
There were by God's order two images made ;
He

He taught men to make them, and Moses did set
Two fine graven cherubs on the mercy seat.

[*Exod.* xxv. 17, 18.

If image were idol in scripture, 'tis clear,
That flat contradiction would plainly appear.
Can God make on each side the truth for to
stand?

And both idol making and breaking, command?
There were graven angels by Solomon made,

[*1 Kings* vi. 26.

The temple all round was with image-work
laid,

[*1 Kings* xxix. 35.

If thus our reformers the temple could see,
Durst they say God's house would idolatrous be?

So an image of brass work, by God's own
command,

Of serpent, Christ's figure, was set up to stand;
That all the poor people, when serpents did
sting,

Might find cure, when on it their eyes they
should sting:

This image as hurtful, they'll say, was destroy'd;
What then? to good purpose God had it em-
ploy'd:

The sun has occasion'd abuses 'mong men,
And so has the scripture —will they it condemn?

God to his own image all mankind did make;
If image be idol, God did then mistake,

And make up an idol which he does abhor;
How could he an idol make fit for his glory?

If image be idol, why made God the sun?

Which frames its own image while waters do
run,

Why made God all nature, which still does the
same ?

All kinds their own image by nature do frame.

If image be idol, none dare walk in day,
We all make an image with every sun-ray ;
We dare not our faces expose to a glass,
For it will an image most lively express ;
If image be idol, God should then condemn
His doings, all nature, all scripture, all men ;
If image and idol should be but all one,
With God then an idol must sit on the throne.

The Father begetteth most necessar'ly
His Son, *his own Image*, none dare this deny ;
[*Heb. i. 3. 1 Cor. iv. 4.*
If image and idol in all things agree,
The Son, then, by nature an idol must be ;
'Tis in divine nature this image is done,
When the Father beholdeth himself in his
Son,
When he himself knows, his own image is
made ;
Thus God, while in being, an idol hath bred.

And this express image, while God does it
see,
By nature he loves it, and this still must be ;
'Thus if they all image an idol can prove,
An idol must be the source of divine love :
If they hold all image an idol to be,
'They must some new God-head find out, as
you see ;
Or one of the Persons, as idol adore,
Or grant that an image is idol no more.

Must

Must we then all image as idol abhor ?
 Can we not the Son, as God's image, adore ?
 Thus man, as God's image, respect when we do,
 Who can say, with reason, to idols we bow ?
 To the sweet name of Jesus, all knee low must
 bend,
 Deny this reformers will never pretend.

[*Phil. ii. 10.*

This name's but an image, none dare this de-
 cline,
 We sure then an image adore without crime.

But all artful image respect when we do,
 'Tis never to colours, or paint, that we bow.
 We well know that in them no life there can be,
 That they cannot help us, nor hear us, nor see.
 We honour in image the person sign'd there,
 Love, children to parents in image declare,
 To honour kings' image good subjects are bent,
 Thus kings they do honour, mov'd to it by paint.

The sick lay in Peter's bare image, or shade,
 'This for the relation to Peter it had.
 The Baptist respected the minutest thing
 As latchet of shoe, that belong'd to his King ;
 It was not bare shadow, or latchet of shoe,
 That these distress'd people, or Baptist did view ;
 Yet to these things did they great honour ac-
 cord,
 The sick for St. Peter, St. John for his Lord.

The more that the object of image we love,
 The greater respect still in us it will move,
 Thus image of Christ we will still respect more
 Than all of his creatures that e'er came to
 glory ;

Their

Their image we honour, conform to their place,
 As God's friends and creatures, all crown'd by
 his grace,
 We still respect virtue, whose source is on high,
 What reign'd in the saints, here by image we
 spy.

We see some respect is to images due,
 Since them with the ark, and in temple we
 view ;
 It was honour done them, that there they should
 stand,
 Which Solomon order'd by God's own com-
 mand ;
 'Tis sure no small honour that they be set there,
 Where God should to Moses his orders declare ;
 Betwixt graven images, Moses, we find,
[Exod. xxv. 22.]
 When God with him commun'd, and told him
 his mind.

ADDRESS TO GOD THE FATHER.

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

MY GOD, had I my breath from thee,
 This power to speak and sing ?
 And shall my voice, and shall my song,
 Praise any but their King ?

My God ! had I my soul from thee,
 This pow'r to judge and choose ?
 And shall my brain, and shall my will,
 Their best to thee refuse ?

Alas !

Alas ! not this alone, or that,
 Hast thou bestow'd on me ;
 But all I have, and all I hope,
 I have and hope from thee.

And more I have, and more I hope,
 Than I can speak or think ;
 Thy blessings first refresh, then fill,
 Then overflow the brink.

But though my voice and fancy be
 Too low, to reach thy praise ;
 Yet both shall strain thy glorious name
 High as they can to raise.

Glory to thee, immortal God,
 One great co-equal Three !
 As at the first beginning was,
 May now, and ever be.



HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR JESUS.

JESUS ! whose grace inspires thy priests,
 To keep alive, by solemn feasts,
 The mem'ry of thy love ;
 O may we here so pass our days,
 That they, at last, our souls may raise
 To feast with thee above !

Jesus ! behold three kings from far,
 Led to thy cradle by a star,
 Bring gifts to thee, their King.

O guide

O guide us by thy light, that we
 May find thy favour, and to thee
 Ourselves for tribute bring !

Jesus ! the pure and spotless Lamb,
 Who to the temple humbly came,
 Those legal rites to pay ;
 O make our proud and stubborn will
 Thine and thy church's law fulfil,
 Whate'er fond nature say !

Jesus ! who, on that fatal wood,
 Didst cleanse us with thy precious blood,
 Nail'd to a shameful cross ;
 O may we blest thy love, and be
 Ready, dear Lord ! to bear for thee
 All grief, all pain, all loss !

Jesus ! who, by thine own love slain,
 By thine own pow'r took'st life again,
 And from the grave did'st rise ;
 O may *thy death* our souls revive,
 And at *our death* a new life give—
 A life that never dies !

Jesus ! who, to thy heav'n again,
 Did'st soar in triumph, there to reign
 Of men and angels King ;
 O may our parting souls take flight
 Up to that land of joy and light,
 And there for ever sing !

ADDRESS TO THE HOLY GHOST.

TUNE—ETRICK BANKS.

COME, Holy Spirit ! come and breathe
 Thy fragrant odours on the face
 Of our dull region here beneath,
 And fill our souls with thy sweet grace !
 Come and root out the pois'nous weeds,
 Which over-run and choke our lives ;
 And in our hearts plant thine own seeds,
 Whose quick'ning power our soul revives !

We can, alas ! nor be, nor grow,
 Unless thy pow'rful mercy please ;
 Thy hand must plant and water too ;
 'Thy hand alone must give th' increase.
 Do then, what thou alone canst do ;
 Do what to thee so easy is :
 Conduct us through this world of woe,
 And place us safe in thine own blifs.



*ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH
 TRUMPHANT.*

TUNE—PINKIE HOUSE.

AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
 And crown thy head with mirth ;
 See how they shine beyond the skies,
 Who once dwelt on our earth.

Hush,

Hush, busy thoughts ! away vain cares,
 That clog us here below ;
 Let us ascend above the spheres,
 And to each order bow.

Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light,
 The high-born sons of fire ;
 Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine
 All joy, yet all desire. [bright,
 Hail, holy souls ! who long in sighs,
 Long in the shadow sat,
 Till our victorious Lord did rise,
 To open heaven's gate.

Hail, great apostles of the Lamb !
 Who brought that heavenly ray,
 Which from our Sun reflected came,
 And made our first fair day.
 Hail, glorious martyrs ! whose strong hearts
 Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
 How weak, pale death, are all thy darts,
 Compar'd to those of love.

Confessors, hail ! who wisely gave
 Yourself to God alone,
 That you your precious souls might save,
 And gain the promis'd throne.
 Hail, spotless virgins ! who, by vows,
 Your chaste resolves have bound ;
 Who wisely chose your Lord for spouse,
 And now your spouse have found.

Hail, all you happy souls above,
 Who form that glorious ring
 About the sparkling throne of love,
 And there for ever sing.

Hail!

Hail! and among your crowns of praise,
 Present this little wreath;
 Which, while your lofty notes you raise,
 We humbly sing beneath.



A MORNING ODE.

TUNE—BANKS OF DOON.

OPEN thine eyes, my soul, and see
 Once more the light return to thee;
 Look round about, and choose the way
 Thou mean'st to travel o'er to day.

Think on the dangers thou may'st meet,
 And always watch thy sliding feet.
 Think where thou once hast fall'n before,
 And mark the place, and fall no more.

Think on the helps thy God bestows,
 And cast to steer thy life by those;
 Think on the sweets thou once did'st feel,
 When thou did'st well—and do so still.

Open thine eyes, my soul, and see, &c.

Think on the pains that shall torment
 Those stubborn souls that ne'er repent;
 Think on the joys which wait above,
 To crown thy faith and holy love.

Open thine eyes, my soul, and see, &c.

Think what at last will be thy part,
 If thou go'st on as now thou art.

See *life* and *death*—set thee to choose ;
 One thou must take, and one refuse.

Open thine eyes, my soul, and see, &c.

O my dear Lord ! guide thou my course,
 And draw me on by thy sweet force ;
 Still make me walk, still make me tend,
 By *thee* my way, to *thee* my end.

Open mine eyes, my soul, and see
 Once more the light returns to thee.
 Look round about, and choose the way
 Thou mean'st to travel o'er to-day.



AN EVENING ODE.

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

THE Sun now hastes to hide his face,
 And make way for the moon ;
 So shall our life once end its race,
 As sure, perhaps, as soon.

Choose then, before it be too late,
 For choice with life will end ;
 Remember on thy choice, thy fate,
 Thy good or ill depend.

Choose now, for ever ; yet thou'rt free ;
 Where wilt thou place thy heart ?
 On the gay toys which here we see,
 Or Mary's better part ?

O shall

O shall I, Lord, need such demand !
 Shall I this choosing call !
 Who find on one side nothing stand,
 And on the other, all ?

I choose my God, my God alone ;
 I will, nor can have more ;
 All else is mere delusion,
 Dross, bawbles varnish'd o'er.

*THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER'S
 LULLABY.*

TUNE—THE BANKS OF DOON.

SLEEP on, my babe ; on thy right hand
 Thy guardian angel takes his stand,
 To keep at distance all thy foes,
 Who might disturb thy soft repose.
 Sleep on, dear innocent, sleep on :
 Thou hast no cause to weep or moan.
 The sinner's cheek let tears bedew,
 'Tis I to weep, sweet love, not thou.

Alas ! what dangers thee await,
 When thou hast come to man's estate !
 A dang'rous race thou hast to run,
 Best end it, 'ere 'tis well begun.
 Sleep on, dear innocent, &c.

Think not, thou cruel fiend, some day,
 To make this tender babe thy prey :

That God, who hung upon the tree,
Will guard me and my child from thee.
Sleep on, dear innocent, &c.

O thou, who know'st a mother's care,
Deign, Queen of heav'n, to hear my pray'r !
Vouchsafe this infant to defend,
And bring him to a happy end !

Sleep on, dear innocent, sleep on :
Thou hast no cause to weep or moan.
The sinner's cheek let tears bedew,
'Tis I to weep, sweet love, not thou.

W. D.

ON SOLITUDE.

TUNE—TELL ME, THOU SOUL OF HER
I LOVE. THOMS.

O COULD I, loos'd from ev'ry tie
That binds me to this world of care,
Hence to some distant desert fly,
With one true friend, my hap to share.

Some calm retreat we'll find at last,
Dear *Silvius*, where, in smoother stream,
Our life will glide, and all the past
Seem but a short unpleasant dream.

Nor think that He, who deigns to feed
The hungry ravens, and to deck
With ev'ry flow'r th' enamel'd mead,
Will man, his choicest care, forsake.

Each

Each morning, on his altar laid,
The victim, mystically slain,
With him in our behalf will plead,
And what he pleads for, will obtain.

If e'er the world's tumultuous scene,
And dangers past we call to mind,
Pleas'd with our lot, we'll ne'er complain;
But pity those we've left behind.

So they, who once the harbour gain,
When safely landed—from the shore
May fearless view the raging main,
And hear the stormy ocean roar.

W. D.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP:

CAMILLUS AND ALTUNO.

TUNE—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD
GROUND.

CAMILLUS.

ALTUNO, why trembles the tear in thine eye?
Why fittest so silent and sad?
Say, why from thy bosom did'tt heave the deep
While ev'ry thing round us looks glad? [sigh,
The linnets are singing,
The forest is ringing
With the blackbird's melodious strain;

K 3

There's

There's no body near us
 Who may overhear us,
 Then tell me what causeth thy pain.

ALTUNO.

Though warbles the linnet his musical lay,
 Though echoes responsive the grove,
 Tho' nature, Camillus, looks blooming and gay,
 No pleasures my pain can remove;
 If from me thou'rt torn,
 Unhappy, forlorn,
 'Mong these lonesome walks will I stray;
 Fond fancy will trace here
 Each favourite place, where
 Like lambkins together we'd play.

Still sacred to friendship, from whose flow'ry
 We, stooping, our thirst would allay, [brink
 This fountain shall be: here on thee will I think,
 When thou art remov'd far away.
 To Albion, O could I
 Thee follow! Fain would I
 Leave happy, Hesperia's shore.
 Vain wish! 'Ere yon thorn
 Its berries hath borne,
 Wide ocean between us shall roar.

CAMILLUS.

Embrace thy Camillus, thou dearest of friends;
 Thy head on his bosom recline.
 My duty, Altuno, now forces me hence;
 O let us not thereat repine.

O let

O let it not grieve thee
 That soon I must leave thee ;
 Time may us to each other restore :
 Death else will prove sweet,
 And in heav'n we shall meet,
 Where true friends never separate more.

W. D.

*ON THE STAR THAT APPEARED AT THE
 BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.*

WHAT new-born luminary decks the skies!
 What beams of glory from yon star arise?
 Not Sol himself has e'er been seen to shed
 So bright a lustre round his orient head!
 Some comet, haply, by th' Eternal hurl'd,
 And fraught with vengeance on a guilty world.
 Oh ! no—so clear and kindly like a ray,
 Was never meant a message of dismay :
 Far other hopes, I ween, to man are giv'n,
 And marks of mercy drop at last from heav'n ;
 At length the seeds of saving grace are sown,
 And long lost Eden is again our own !

This is the star, by Madian's seer foretold,
 That ushers in a second age of gold ;
 Bids Jacob's weeping offspring dry their tears,
 And tells the world, its Saviour, God, appears !
 Hail ! precious pledge of that approaching day,
 That comes to chace our dismal night away.
 If such the radiance of thy early morn,
 What splendor must thy noon-tide beam adorn?
 Happy

Happy Bethlehem, thou the first shall see
 The Sun of justice rise—and rise from thee !
 But not to thee confin'd, his light shall roll
 O'er all the globe, and beam from pole to pole :
 New life, new vigour to mankind impart,
 Cleanse the film'd eye, and warm the frozen
 heart.

Error and ignorance from earth expel,
 And drive the shades of darkness back to hell ;
 With virtuous flame make ev'ry bosom glow,
 And Belial's wide-extended pow'r o'erthrow.

Then baneful feuds and bloody wars shall
 cease,
 And love shall link the world in lasting peace:
 Greeks and barbarians shall, with one accord,
 Submit to the same leader—the same Lord ;
 Parths, Persians, Scythians e'en shall quit the
 field,
 And Rome, unconquer'd Rome, shall learn to
 yield.
 New laws, new rites, the willing world enthral,
 And Shiloh's peaceful reign extend to all :
 'Twixt Jew and Gentile all distinction lost,
 And Israel's glory be the nation's boast.

See how, already, mankind he controls,
 And proves himself the Sov'reign of their souls.
 Strangers from different climes his cradle greet ;
 Princes ly prostrate at his infant feet.
 To him their choicest, richest offerings bring,
 And, with submission, hail their future king.

Thither ah ! too, let us in haste resort,
 And, at due distance, pay our humble court.

What

What though we cannot, from our scanty store,
 Afford, like them, vast heaps of treasur'd ore?
 What though the little altars, which we raise,
 With neither myrrh, nor od'rous incense blaze?
 'The homage of our hearts he sure may have;
 'Tis all he seeks—'twas all the shepherds gave.
 Our hearts, 'tis true (in spite of all we can),
 Are sorry off'rings for a God made man!
 But He can mould them to his own desire;
 And purge their earthly parts with heav'nly fire.
 Heal all their bruises—all their stains efface;
 Make stubborn nature bend to strength'ning
 grace;
 Till chang'd transform'd by his almighty pow'r,
 We shall in spirit and in truth adore.

A. G.

ON ETERNITY.

TUNE ———.

AND do we then believe
 There is a day to come,
 When all their summons must obey,
 And take their final doom?

Is there a heav'n indeed,
 To crown the innocent?
 Is there a hell, and horrid pains,
 The wicked to torment?

Are these eternal too,
 And ne'er to have an end?

Shall

Shall never those delights decay ?
Those torments never end ?

Good God, is all this true ?
And sure must true it is :
And yet we live as if there were
Nothing so false as this.

O quicken, Lord ! our faith,
Of these great joys and fears ;
And may the last day's trumpet be
Still sounding in our ears.

Still may this glorious hope,
Shine bright before our eyes ;
We shall at last go up to meet
Our Jesus in the skies.

Come, Jesus ! come and take
Our banish'd souls to thee.
Come quickly Lord ! that in thy sight
Our eyes thy light may see.



*ON THE BENEFIT OF OUR
REDEMPTION.*

TUNE—ETRICK BANKS.

TUNE now, my heart, thy notes tune high ;
Let us aloft our voices raise,
That our loud song may reach the sky,
And there present to thee our praise.

To

To thee, blest Jesus, who com'st down
 From those bright spheres of joy above,
 To purchase us a dear-bought crown,
 And woo our souls t' espouse thy love.

Long had the world in darkness sat,
 Till thou, and thy all-glorious light,
 Began to dawn from heaven's fair gate,
 And with thy beams dispel its night.
 We too, alas ! still there had stood,
 As common slaves in the same shade ;
 But Jesus came, and, with his blood,
 Our general ransom freely paid.

Not all the spite of all the Jews,
 Nor death itself could him remove ;
 Still he his blest design pursues,
 And gives his life to take our love.
 And now, my Lord, my God, my all,
 What shall I most in thee admire ?
 That power which made the world, and shall
 The world again dissolve with fire ?

O no—thy strange humility,
 Thy wounds, thy pains, thy cross, thy death ;
 These shall alone my wonder be,
 My health, my joy, my staff, my breath.
 To thee, great God ! to thee alone,
 Three Persons in One Deity ;
 As former ages still have done,
 All glory now and ever be.

AT THE SIGHT OF A CRUCIFIX.

TUNE—BANKS OF DOON.

AND now, my soul, can'st thou forget,
 That thy whole life is one long debt
 Of love to Him who, on that tree,
 Paid back the flesh he took for thee.
 Lo ! how the streams of precious blood
 Flow from five wounds into one flood.
 With these he washes all thy stains,
 And buys thy ease with his own pains.

Hail, tree of life, we clearly now
 That doubt of former ages know ;
 It was thy wood should make the throne
 Fit for a more than Solomon.
 Hail, throne of love ! royally spread
 With purple of too rich a red.
 Strange costly price ! thus to make good
 Thine own esteem with thy King's blood.

Hail, fairest plant of Paradise !
 To thee with love we lift our eyes ;
 O may aloft thy branches shoot,
 And fill the nations with thy fruit !
 O may all reap from thy increase,
 The just more strength, the sinner peace ;
 While our half-wither'd hearts, and we
 Ingraft ourselves, and grow on thee.

Live, O for ever live and reign,
 Blest Lamb ! whom thine own love has slain.
 And may thy lost sheep live to be
 True lovers of thy cross and thee.

All glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity;
As it has been in ages gone,
May now and ever still be done.

*HOW TO USE THE THINGS OF
THIS WORLD.*

LORD, who shall dwell above with thee,
There on thy holy hill?
Who shall those glorious prospects see,
That heav'n with gladness fill?

Those happy souls who prize that life,
Above the bravest here;
Whose greatest hope, whose eager strife,
Is once to settle there.

They use this world; but value that,
Which they supremely love.
They travel through this present state;
But place their home above.

*REAL HAPPINESS NOT TO BE
FOUND HERE.*

TUNE—COWDENKNOWS.

MY soul! what's all this world to thee,
This world of sin and woe;

L

Where

Where only sense can taste its sweets,
And those unwholesome too ?

Truth is thy food, truth thy delight,
Which cannot here be free ;
Thy mind was born to know and love
What this life ne'er can see.

Malicious world ! how do'st thou lie,
And cover thy false baits ?
Here those of pleasure, there of gain,
Each for our ruin waits.

O may I, Lord ! so use this world,
That I the other gain ;
O make me so the other love,
That this it's end attain.

It's end's to breed up souls for heav'n,
Then be itself new-dress'd ;
No more corruption, no more change,
But one perpetual rest.

*ADVANTAGES OF PRESENT
CALAMITIES.*

TUNE—PINKIE HOUSE.

LORD ! what a pleasant life were this,
If all did well their parts ;
If all did one another love
Sincerely with their hearts.

No suits of law, no noise of war
 Our quiet minds would fright;
 No fear to lose, nor care to keep,
 What justly is our right.

No envious thought, no fland'ring tongue,
 Would e'er disturb our peace;
 We should help them, and they help us,
 And all unkindness cease.
 But the All-wise permits those woes,
 And finds it better so;
 He made the world, and sure he knows
 What's best with it to do.

'Tis for our good, that all this ill
 Is suffer'd here below;
 'Tis to correct those dangerous sweets,
 That else would poison grow.
 So storms are rais'd to clear the air,
 And chase the clouds away;
 So weeds grow up to cure our wounds,
 And all our pains allay.



*CHRIST, OUR PASSOVER, IS
 SACRIFICED.*

1 COR. CHAP. V. VER. 7.

TUNE—ROSLIN CASTLE.

OUR JESUS on his altar lies;
 The Christian's noble sacrifice.

Conceal'd his majesty divine
Beneath the forms of bread and wine.

There, or within his silver cell,
He still on earth vouchsafes to dwell;
Where, resting on the mercy-seat,
He hears our pray'rs in humble state.

Go then, my soul, thy God adore;
His pardon, pity, grace, implore.
Before his footstool prostrate fall,
And on thy Lord for mercy call.

Fear not : it was for thy dear sake
That he this shape has deign'd to take;
'Twas his unbounded love for thee,
That nail'd him, bleeding, to the tree.

Go, then, make thy request ; nor fear,
Thy loving Jesus leans to hear.
Give thou thyself to him, and he
Will give himself again to thee.

W. D.



A NIGHT SCENE. AN ODE.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM—PSA. 13.

HOW calm the night, and clear the skies !
Philothea, raise thy wond'ring eyes
Up to yon azure cope.
High mounted on her silver car,
Pursu'd by many a twinkling star,
The moon rolls down yon slope.

Where

Where on the west the cloud divides,
 Before her beam its swelling fides,
 And leaves her passage clear.
 Sit down a while: the midnight hour
 But only tolls from yonder tow'r.
 What solemn scenes appear!

See yonder mountain's airy height
 Shoots from the vale, swells on the fight,
 And darkness round him flings.
 The owl, perch'd on yon glimm'ring spire,
 Her broad eye fix'd on Phebe's fire,
 Her doleful ditty sings.

Close by the purling brook, the breeze
 Soft whispers through the trembling trees,
 And, sighing just expires.
 But lo! her rapid course now sped,
 The moon sinks in her sable bed,
 And from the scene retires.

O God, who, with such majesty,
 Hast cloth'd this wond'rous world!
 Hast pour'd these planets o'er the sky,
 These orbs before thee hurl'd!

If such our place of exile be,
 Where sin is found, where yet we see,
 Mix'd with thy friends, thy foes;
 Say, what shall be thy bless'd domain,
 Where, but thy fav'rites, none shall reign,
 None but thy saints repose?

W. D.

*APIBUS QUANTA EXPERIENTIA
PARCIS.*

VIRG. GEOR. BOOK I. VER. 4.

TUNE—THE MAID THAT TENDS HER GOATS.

O'ER field and meadow, hill and dale,
And up and down the flow'ry vale,
Or humming thro' the leafy grove,
The busy bee delights to rove.

Now stooping with her balmy load,
Well pleas'd, she seeks her lov'd abode ;
Returning straight her toil renews,
And from the flow'rs sweet nectar brews.

While summer lasts, her only care
Is to collect her winter fare ;
Nor heedless, like the rest, to play,
And sport her luscious time away.

Poor insects ! Boreas' chilling breath
Shall freeze their little souls to death ;
While she, so snug, her cellar stor'd,
Shall feast upon her luscious hoard.

See here a pattern, man, for thee :
Go, imitate th' industrious bee.
'The summer of thy life is short,
It is not yet thy time to sport.

Who will not labour while he may,
Nor guard against the evil day ;

Who

Who for the future has no store,
He perish must for evermore.

W. D.

*GOD HATH SPOKEN, WE MUST
BELIEVE.*

TUNE—CATHARINE OGIE.

HIS goodness God does still extend,
To all, as having made us,
He's our beginning and last end,
And makes just laws to lead us;
We cannot surely know his will,
Unless he does reveal it,
His goodness and wise-ruling skill
Does not let him conceal it.

Our minds with reason he inspires;
And clearly we're perceiving,
That we should still do his desires,
And help from him be craving;
He gave us conscience us to guide,
Which us to good still moveth;
When evil we do not avoid,
It sharply us reproveth.

If there's no being all-supreme,
How could we find such motions?
What cause within us still does frame,
Of good and ill, these notions?
To ask God's help in all great fears,
Instinct of nature draws us;

This

This to our conscience witness bears,
A sov'reign pow'r that awes us.

Predictions clear we do explore,
With events still agreeing,
These events, told long time before,
We clearly are now seeing ;
He did not these foretell by guess,
But by his pow'r he made them
Infallibly to come to pass,
By foresight as he said them.

As he within us makes appear,
Great proofs to show his being,
That he did speak it is as clear,
We're evidently seeing ;
He is the truth, he cannot lye ;
To his word when we're cleaving,
On faith divine we then rely ;
He spoke, and we're believing.

Our reason surely must submit
To the first truth revealing,
Deep mysteries surpass our wit,
Our taste, and sight, and feeling.
Could we the depths of God explore,
And mysteries know throughly,
God infinite would be no more,
If finite grasp'd him wholly.

These points of faith which we receive,
To which we are assenting,
No human reason could conceive,
Or e'er be them inventing ;
These points must then be all divine ;
It is from God we hold them ;

No human wit could them combine,
Unless God first had told them.

None could attempt the enterprize,
But an Almighty Being,
Or so majestic plan devise
Of faith, as we are seeing;
Its fabrick's from omnipotence,
By the first truth proposed;
Then let our reason, and our sense,
Within their sphere be closed.



VISIBILITY AND PERPETUITY OF THE TRUE CHURCH AND PRIESTHOOD.

TUNE—PINKY HOUSE.

I.

GOD says his church is a high hill,
To which all nations flow, (a)
This mountain the whole earth doth fill, (b)
None can beyond this go;

Scripture Texts cited, on the Visibility and Perpetuity of the Priesthood and Scripture in the Church of Christ.

Verse First.

(a) And in the last days the mountain of the House of the Lord shall be prepared on the top of mountains; and it shall be exalted above the hills: and all nations shall flow unto it. *Isaiah ii. 2.* See also *Micah iv. 1.*

(b) But the stone that struck the statue, became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. *Dan. ii. 35.*

A city

A city that ne'er hid can be, (c)
 The church is call'd in write ;
 Who strives to prove none could it see,
 May prove that black is white.

II.

This city gates are open still, (a)
 With watchmen on its wall, (b)
 Who always successively will
 The nations daily call ; (c)
 Her shepherds causing flocks ly down, (d)
 Are witnesses to him ; (e)
 These shepherds, with their flocks, obey
 The One that ruleth them. (f)

III.

Christ, independent King of all,
 Who has all pow'r supreme,

(c) You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid. Matth. v. 14.

Verse Second.

(a) And thy gates shall be open continually: they shall not be shut day nor night, that the strength of the Gentiles may be brought to thee, and their kings may be brought.—Isaiah lx. 11.

(b) Upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, I have appointed watchmen; all the day and all the night, they shall never hold their peace. Is. lx. 6.

(c) Thus saith the Lord thy God: Behold, I will lift up my hand to the Gentiles, and will set up my standard to the people; and they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and carry thy daughters upon their shoulders, and kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy nurses. Is. xlix. 22, 23.

(d) Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: there shall be again in this place an habitation of shepherds, causing their flocks to lie down. Jer xxxiii. 12.

(e) You are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen. Is. xliii. 10.

(f) My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. John x. 27.

Did

Did o'er the rest one shepherd place,
 Who rules them in his name ; (a)
 The priests shall ne'er want one, 'tis sure,
 To sacrifice always, (b)
 In every place an offering pure,
 To sun set from its rise.

IV.

Who offer sacrifice shall vow, (a)
 Which vow perform they shall,
 Great place and name to those is due ; (b)
 Such was the great Saint Paul. (c)

To

Verse Third.

(a) And my servant David (*Christ*) shall be king over them, and they shall have one shepherd. Ezek. xxxvii. 24.— And I will raise up over them one Pastor, who shall feed them. Ezek. xxxiv. 23. And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. John x. 16. And he (*Jesus*) saith to him (*Peter*) feed my lambs, feed my sheep. John xxi. 16 17.

(b) Neither shall there be cut off from the Priests and Levites a man before my face to offer holocausts, and to burn sacrifice, and to kill victims continually. Jer. xxx. 18. From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation.— Malachi i. 11.

Verse Fourth.

(a) And the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall worship him with sacrifices and offerings: and they shall make vows to the Lord, and perform them.— Isaiah xix. 21.

(b) And let not the eunuch say, Behold I am a dry tree; for thus saith the Lord to the eunuchs, They that shall keep my Sabbath, and shall choose the things that please me; and shall hold fast my covenant; I will give to them in my house, and within my walls, a place and a name better than sons and daughters: and I will give them an everlasting name that shall never perish. Is. lvi. 4.

(c) But Paul having staid yet many days, taking leave of his brethren ——— having shorn his head in Cenchra; for he

To Italy they shall be sent,
 To Afric, Greece, and sea,
 To Lydia, where the bows are bent, (*d*)
 To isles where'er they be.

V.

Of all these nations priests he'll take, (*a*)
 All flesh shall him adore ;
 By means of those whom priests he'll make,
 For they'll declare his gloire ;
 His chosen place of rest with them
 Is fixed for all time, (*b*)
 Their seed and name shall still remain, (*c*)
 We'll know them by his sign.

VI.

Here public worship does appear,
 Foretold by the Most High,
 With priesthood, pastors, flocks most clear,
 All nations to them fly ;

he had a vow. Acts xviii. 18 But I say to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they continue even as I.— 1 Cor. viii. 7, 8.

(*d*) And I will set a sign among them, and I will send of them that shall be saved, to the Gentiles, into the sea, into Africa and Lydia, them that draw the bow ; into Italy and Greece, to the islands afar off, to them that have not heard of me, and have not seen my glory. Is. lxvi. 19.

Verse Fifth.

(*a*) And I will take of them to be priests and Levites, saith the Lord — and all flesh shall come to adore before my face, saith the Lord, Is. lxvi. 21, 23.

(*b*) For the Lord hath chosen Zion ; he hath chosen it for his dwelling. This is my rest for ever and ever. Here will I dwell, for I have chosen it. Ps. cxxxii. 13, 14.

(*c*) For as the new heavens and the new earth, which I make to stand before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed stand, and your name. Is. lxvi. 22.

While

While sun and moon are, them we'll see, (a)
 On earth in every place,
 Invisible how then could be
 This vast successive race?



UNITY, HOLINESS, ETC. OF THE TRUE CHURCH.

TUNE—GILDEROY.

I.

TO save all men God does intend, (a)
 He sets one rule for all, (b)
 That rule shall never have an end,
 Nor subject be to fall.
 That all may speak the self-same thing,
 With one heart and one mind; (c)

And

Verse Sixth.

(a) And he shall continue with the sun, and before the moon, throughout all generations. Pf. lxxii. 5. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me, and as the moon perfect for ever, and a faithful witness in heaven. Pf. lxxxix. 37, 38.

*Scripture Texts cited, on the Unity, Holiness, &c.
 of the Church.*

Verse First.

(a) God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. 1 Tim. ii. 4.

(b) That we may be of the same mind, let us continue in the same rule. Philip. iii. 16.

(c) And the multitude of believers had but one heart, and one soul. Acts iv. 32. Now I beseech you, brethren, by
 M the

And for their faith one reason bring,
When church hath once defin'd. (d)

II.

To's church, his undefiled dove,
His spouse and only fair, (a)
He gave his spirit, truth and love,
Who will his mind declare. (b)
His peace shall ever with her be,
With her he'll ne'er be wroth,
From all rebuke she'll still be free,
She's his; he sware by oath. (c)

Without

the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you, but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgement.

(d) Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who cause dissensions and offences, contrary to the *doctrine you have learned*, and to avoid them. Rom. xvi. 17. For though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you, besides that which we have preached to you, let him be accursed. Gal. i. 8, 9.

Verse Second.

(a) One is my dove, my perfect one is but one. Song of Sol. vi. 8. My love, my dove, my fair one. Song of Sol. ii. 10. We being many are one body in Christ. Rom. xii. 5. There shall be one fold, and one Shepherd. John x. 16.

(b) I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever: the Spirit of Truth. John xiv. 16. And when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will teach you all truth. John xvi. 13.

(c) Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you. John xiv. 27. In a moment of indignation have I hid my face a little while from thee; but with everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee; saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. This thing is to me as in the days of Noah, to whom I sware that I would no more bring in the waters of Noah upon the earth; so have I sworn not to be angry with thee, and not to rebuke thee. For the mountains shall be moved, and the hills shall tremble; but my mercy shall not depart from thee, and

III.

Without a wrinkle, spot, or blame, (a)
 Most holy, pure is she,
 She never shall be put to shame, (b)
 Nor prey to heathens be. (c)
 What way could then the whole church fall,
 In blind idolatry?
 Who boldly this maintain, must call
 These promises a lie.

IV.

The church from God shall ne'er depart, (a)
 She'll ne'er destroy'd be,
 Nor will he turn from her his heart,
 She is his sanctuary; (b)

and the covenant of my peace shall not be moved, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. If. liv. 8, &c.

Verse Third.

(a) That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. Ephes. v. 27.

(b) Fear not, for thou shalt not be confounded; nor blush, for thou shalt not be put to shame. If. liv. 4.

(c) And I will save my flock, and it shall be no more a spoil ——— and they shall be no more a spoil to the nations. Ezek. xxxiv. 22. 28.

Verse Fourth.

(a) And I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me all days ——— and I will make an everlasting covenant with them, and will not cease to do them good; and I will give my fear in their heart, that they may not revolt from me. Jer. xxxii. 39, 40. But in the days of these kingdoms, the god of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed. Dan. ii. 44.

(b) And I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for ever. Ezek. xxxvii. 26.

The words at first she did receive,
 She still conserveth pure, (c)
 From her we them do always crave,
 When she speaks we're secure. (d)

V.

She has the keys to loose and bind,
 All's ratify'd on high, (a)
 For which, who yield not to her mind,
 They all must surely die; (b)
 For this she's still sought out thro' all,
 Forsaken she'll not be, (c)
 We pillar, ground of truth, her call, (d)
 All sects she'll terrify. (e)

(c) And there shall come a Redeemer to Sion, and to them that turn from iniquity in Jacob, saith the Lord. This is my covenant with them, saith the Lord: my Spirit that is in thee, and my words that I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever. *If. lix. 20, 21.*

(d) And a path and a way shall be there, and it shall be called the holy way; the unclean shall not pass over it, and this shall be unto you a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein. *If. lix. 20, 21.*

Verse Fifth.

(a) And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven. *Matth. xvi. 19.*

(b) For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish. *If. lx. 12.*

(c) But thou shalt be called a city sought after, and not forsaken. *If. lxii. 4. 12.*

(d) The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth. *1 Tim. iii. 15.*

(e) Thou art beautiful, ——— terrible as an army set in array. *Song of Sol. vi. 3.*

VI.

Against her, all who dare uprise,
 In pieces she will break, (a)
 No enemies can her surprize, (b)
 Reformers she'll not take;
 No weapon e'er can do her wrong,
 Form'd by device of men,
 Against her each uproaring tongue,
 In judgment she'll condemn.

VII.

She's firmly built upon a rock, (a)
 In faith she cannot fail;
 No pow'rs of hell, no mortal's stroke,
 Against her can prevail.
 Christ and his spirit with her bide,
 Unto the end of time; (b)

Unto

Verse Sixth.

(a) And his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people, and it shall break in pieces, and shall consume all these kingdoms; and itself shall stand for ever. Dan. ii. 44.

(b) And I will feed thy enemies with their own flesh; and they shall be made drunk with their own blood, as with new wine; and all flesh shall know that I am the Lord that save thee, and thy Redeemer, the mighty one of Jacob. — Is. xlix. 26.

(c) No weapon forged against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgement, thou shalt condemn. Is. liv. 17.

Verse Seventh.

(a) And I say unto thee, Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Matth. xvi. 18. And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. Luke xxii. 31, 32.

(b) And behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world. Matth. xxviii. 20. And he will give you another Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, that he may abide with you

Unto all truth they her do guide,
Still truth then she'll define.

VIII.

All her decisions then are true,
So all whom she'll condemn,
As heathens Christ himself does view,
If they the church cōtemn; (a)
They flatly do God's word gainfay,
That word of strict command,
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Yet still his word must stand. (b)

IX.

These texts most clear in writ we see,
They cannot be in vain,
Some church to which they all agree,
On earth must still remain.
Sects, who want one, or some deny,
Or cannot shew their call,
Or where none of these marks we spy,
Are sure no church at all.

X.

To church of Rome we then must give
(To her they all agree)
These titles and prerogatives,
There's no church then but she.

you for ever. John xiv. 16. But when the Spirit of Truth
is come, he will teach you all truth. John xvi. 13.

Verse Eighth.

(a) And if he will not hear the church, let him be to thee
as a heathen and a publican. Matth. xviii. 17.

(b) Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words
shall not pass away. Luke xxi. 33.

She

She mutual faith with Paul doth keep, (a)
 Her doctrine then is pure ;
 And satan's bruis'd beneath her feet, (b)
 In Peter's faith she's sure.

XI.

We her and pastors still did see,
 In one successive race ;
 So still she'll universal be,
 In all time, in all place.
 She's ancient, uniform in rule,
 She's one, she's holy, pure,
 Built on a rock, she makes all souls
 Infallibly secure.



*THE APOSTLES WERE NOT DECEIVED
 IN BELIEVING CHRIST.*

TUNE—BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THE twelve great pillars of the church,
 We're evidently seeing,
 That they could not be in the lurch,
 Believing Christ Messiah.
 They knew well that the Christ was come,
 As prophets had foretold him :

Verse Tenth.

(a) That I may be comforted together with you, by that which is common to us both—your faith and mine ; *says St. Paul to the Romans*, Rom. xvi. 12.

(b) And may the God of peace crush satan under your feet speedily. Rom. xvi. 20.

(c) But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. Luke xxii. 32.

The

The Baptist cries, with heav'nly tone,
 " The Saviour's here—behold him !"

They knew that Jesus was the child,
 Whose birth the angels shewing,
 Caus'd shepherds come and leave the field,
 This child their God avowing ;
 And, that King Herod sought in vain
 To kill this child, they spied ;
 No pow'r on earth could him constrain,
 Unless himself complied.

They saw that Jesus was the same,
 Whom the three kings adoring,
 Did for their Lord thro' all proclaim,
 With his bright star before them ;
 They did avow him God and King,
 And mortal man they preach'd him ;
 To him, as such, three gifts they bring,
 And thro' great dangers search'd him.

They saw that Jesus was the Lord,
 Whom Simeon expected ;
 Who would great joy to all afford ;
 Whom Anna much respected ;
 Who in the holy house of God,
 Was to his father offer'd ;
 Who with the doctors there abode,
 And questions to them proffer'd.

They stay'd with him for three whole years,
 His wonders daily seeing,
 His doctrine deep, and life, appear'd
 The holiest in being.
 Eye-witnesses all this they saw,
 And greatly were surpriz'd ;

They

They saw his mission, pow'r, and law,
By heav'n thus authoris'd.

They saw such marvels at his death,
That no man could resist them ;
The dead did rise from trembling earth,
The rocks asunder bursting ;
The sun quite black, beyond the laws
Of nature, they saw turning ;
And at the death of its first cause,
All nature clad in mourning.

The third day his omnipotence
From doubts their faith secured,
They saw him rise by his own strength,
With marks of wounds, but cured ;
By his own pow'r, they saw him go
Up thro' the skies to glory ;
His spirit coming here below
Confirm'd them all most thoroughly.

He gives them light from heav'n to know
The myst'ries of their Maker,
With gift of tongues, and pow'r to do
All wonders above nature ;
Eye-witnesses they all confess
These facts, by none refused ;
If Christ they should not then profess,
They could not be excused.

*THE TESTIMONY OF THE APOSTLES
IS TRUE.*

TUNE—AULD LANG SYNE.

THESE twelve bright stars did not, 'tis clear,
 Their profelytes deceive,
 Their lives and virtues made appear,
 They taught as they believ'd ;
 Their love of truth and simple air,
 Still without greed, and poor,
 Their labour, zeal, and candour rare,
 Could with no fraud endure.

They public facts, where they fell out,
 Did constantly aver ;
 Their fraud and lies all would find out,
 Had they not been sincere.
 To Jews and Gentiles they maintain,
 That Christ they must receive ;
 That under heav'n there is no name,
 But his alone can save.

They jails, and chains, and fire, and sword,
 All suff'ered for his name,
 On gibbets, crosses, racks, his word
 They boldly did proclaim ;
 Nor fire could waste, nor water drown
 Their inward burning flame ;
 For Jesus' sake, and good renown,
 All torments they contemn.

Their blood for him, and lives so dear,
 They gave, when nought abode

That

That they from him could hope or fear,
 Had he not been true God;
 Impostors never go so far,
 When there's no gain in view,
 Which evidently does declare,
 They b'liev'd him God most true.

Their converts saw this with their eyes,
 And wonders great and sure,
 By which God still did authorise
 Their mission, words, and pow'r.
 Great multitudes converted soon,
 Of Gentiles and of Jews;
 Fulfill'd predictions, left no room
 Their doctrine to refuse.



UNITY OF FAITH.

TUNE—GILDEROY.

WHEN we adore one God on high,
 With virtues all endu'd,
 And all that him can dignify,
 As great and sov'reign good;
 We must confess him most sincere
 In each word he does say;
 If once he varies, then 'tis clear,
 In all he may betray.

Since God hath said, There's but one faith,
 As there is but one Lord;
 To many sects he never can
 Give rise, or grant accord.

For

For if all true these sects can be,
 Yet contradictions move ;
 Their contradictions then must we
 Make God himself approve.

If all religions us can bring
 To see our Maker's face,
 Then we to this, or that, may cling,
 Or change at every pace ;
 Then error never could have been,
 Tho' Christ said there should be,
 Since every sect that brings to God,
 From error must be free.

You may, with Arius, maintain
 The Son less than Papa ;
 With Simon Magus hold again,
 No free-will in our law ;
 And then, with Manes, two Gods hold,
 One good, another ill :
 All these were Christians, we are told—
 Make choice of what you will.

With many sects you may baptize,
 With others it's a whim ;
 The Anabaptists all advise
 An off-put for a time ;
 The Quakers all the first abhor,
 Yet Christians they are nam'd ;
 Such Christians never were before,
 Who christ'ning contemn'd.

Dissenters bid rely in all,
 On their Kirk without head ;
 Yet they maintain all church can fall,
 And into error lead.

In vain did Christ then e'er pretend,
 That he with church would bide ;
 How could he us expressly fend,
 To hear an erring guide ?

Can all be true that each avers ?
 Or can all please the Lord ?
 None with itself in all coheres,
 None with the rest accord ;
 They change, they mend, they change anew,
 To make contraries 'gree.
 What can (if all each says be true)
 E'er contradiction be ?

In such a great diversity
 Of principles, so far,
 That each in others faces fly,
 And make an endless war ;
 No prospect can be had in them,
 To gain eternal life,
 Unless we say, and so blaspheme,
 That God is pleas'd with strife.

What man will ever think to prove,
 What man will dare advance,
 That variance cometh from above,
 From God most true, immense,
 Most constant, uniform, sincere,
 Most holy, prudent, wise,
 Who these divisions cannot bear,
 That wicked men devise ?

For with himself God still agrees,
 In all he does rehearse ;
 Nor could he ever authorise
 Two things that are diverse ;

For if the one be surely true,
 'The other false must be,
 Or else we boldly must avow,
 That truth and falsehood 'gree.



*THANKSGIVING FOR BEING BROUGHT
 TO THE TRUE CHURCH.*

TUNE—SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

WHEN all the bounties I behold,
 Thy lib'ral hand bestows ;
 Absorpt in wonder, O my God,
 My grateful heart o'erflows.
 When to a point, within the womb,
 My body was confin'd,
 Thy hand did then that point protect,
 And furnish with a mind.

'Thro' every stage of life, since first
 The vital breath I drew,
 Thou, bounteous Lord ! each moment hadst
 My happiness in view ;
 Each moment fresh examples gave,
 Of thy unbounded love,
 Each moment still in thee alone,
 I am, I live, I move.

But chiefly this returning day
 Demands my loudest praise,
 This day, wherein thou from hell's jaws
 My helpless soul did raise ;

When

When in the gulph of error drown'd,
 I from thy truth did stray,
 Thy boundless mercy brought me back,
 And pointed out the way.

With light thou didst illuminate
 My mind, thy truth to know,
 And to embrace the same thou didst
 Thy heavenly grace bestow.
 O how my heart exults with joy,
 When I that day recall,
 When first before thy altar I
 Did humbly prostrate fall.

Who then my perverse will did bend,
 Thy holy will t' obey?
 Who taught my heart what thoughts to raise?
 My tongue what words to say?
 Who then dispell'd all worldly fear?
 Who calm'd my anxious mind?
 Who taught me to restrain my sense,
 My wand'ring sense to bind?

O thou, from whose unbounded love
 These heav'nly blessings flow'd,
 My heart and soul I raise to thee,
 My life, my King, my God!
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 To thee I offer all:
 Speak but the word; thy servant waits
 T' obey thy sacred call.

Dost thou command thy servant now
 To pass the gates of death?
 Obedient to thy call, with joy,
 I yield the vital breath;

Wouldst thou I rather should remain
 A while to suffer here,
 O welcome sufferings ! happy toils !
 Which for my Lord I bear.

Vouchsafe but thou to search my reins,
 And cleanse my heart within,
 Teach me to do thy sacred will,
 And keep my soul from sin.
 Then shall my tongue, in highest strains,
 Aloud proclaim thy praise ;
 Then shall my never-ceasing voice
 Its grateful anthems raise.



A FEW QUERIES.

TUNE—NALLY-O.

WHEN with our new Reformers
 To dispute you intend,
 With these loud boasting stormers
 You'll soon thus make an end :
 If you but ask in order,
 'The time, place, reign, and border,
 Wherein liv'd the first forger,
 Of points that you defend.

Desire them once to tell you,
 When popery first began ?
 Altho' with words they fell you,
 They'll never show the man ;
 They wander up thro' ages,
 And try at different stages ;

But

But let their wisest sages
Determine if they can.

When did the mass in Latin,
And real presence, come?
Where holy water making,
And images first done?
Where relic veneration,
And angels' invocation,
Feasts, fasts, lent's celebration,
When were they first begun?

Who was the first that founded
The seven sacraments?
Who purgatory grounded,
And altar ornaments?
All ceremonies, unctions,
In sacramental functions,
As primitive injunctions,
Antiquity presents.

How came the sign of cross in?
Who first indulgence feign'd?
Who was the first that forc'd in
Communion in one kind?
Who made the innovation
Of Peter's exaltation,
With pope in Peter's station,
Supremacy adjoin'd?

Who was the first that prayed
And said mass for the dead?
Who first the church displayed
As an unerring guide?
Who made the church decision
A cure for all division,

And made it a derision,
That church in error fled ?

That our good works are needful,
To teach who first was wont ?
And faith without them dead still,
Tho' strong to lift a mount ?
Who first brought candles shining,
Ephpheta, salt and signing,
With exorcisms joining
White linen at the font ?

These points by Christ commended
And his apostles came ;
And from these saints descended
Who next to them began ;
All who these points rejected
Were heretics detected ;
How can we be suspected,
Who still these points maintain ?

Whatever point is error,
It surely must be new,
To believers it gave terror
When it came first in view ;
The monster that first spawn'd it
As heretic was branded,
His tenets, time expanded,
His name and place they shew.

ON THE RUINS OF A CATHEDRAL.

TUNE ———.

THERE once, where now these ruins lie,
 A stately temple stood ;
 Its steeples reaching to the sky,
 O'ertopp'd th' encircling wood.

Around it, where the rip'ning corn
 Now rears its awn'd head,
 The plough profane the soil has torn,
 Where lay the mould'ring dead.

Lo yonder, where her verdant boughs
 That yew tree loves to spread,
 And o'er the tabernacle throws
 A dusky, waving shade ;

The ivy weaves a mantle green,
 Yon altar to array,
 From vulgar eye the place to screen,
 Where the dread victim lay.

Here now no anthems warbling soft,
 No hallelujahs sung :
 Silent these roofless walls, which oft
 With loud hofannas rung.

Save that from yonder tott'ring tow'r
 The raven pours his throat ;
 Or moping owl, at midnight hour,
 Renews her plaintive note.

Not

Not age, but modern Goths o'erthrew
 The venerable pile :
 Ought that oppos'd, they burn'd, or slew,
 And laid waste Britain's isle.

W. D.

*COLLOQUY WITH THE BLESSED
 VIRGIN ON THE SUFFERINGS
 OF JESUS.*

O MARY say ! when drawing near
 Thy blessed Jesus, thou did'st see
 A Friend, a Son, a God so dear,
 Expiring on a cross for me.

Ah say ! what anguish heav'd thy breast !
 What sorrows pierc'd thy soul, what pain,
 When, with my daily sins oppress'd,
 Thou saw'st him bleed at every vein.

O Mary, pray ! that I may feel
 What now thy Jesus feels for me.
 O soften, break this heart of steel,
 That I may mourn and weep with thee.

O may my soul these sins deplore,
 And be some partner of thy pain,
 And never grieve thy Jesus more,
 Nor make for me his sufferings vain.

May I, in silent patience, teach
 The stormy passions of my soul,

To

To break and flow within the reach
Of grace and reason's mild controul.

O Mary, interceed for me,
That I may God's decrees adore ;
And learn from thy Son and thee,
What ne'er, alas ! I learn'd before.

May I in sufferings e'er retain,
That for my sins I these endure ;
And pardon thus for sin obtain,
And bliss eternal thus insure.



*VANITY OF VANITIES, SAID THE
ECCLESIASTES ; VANITY OF
VANITIES, AND ALL IS
VANITY.*

ECCL. CHAP. I. VER. 2.

TUNE—LOGAN WATER.

HUMAN Life is but a dream,
Passing like a sunny beam,
When the cloud, across the sky
Flitting, darkens Phœbus' eye.

See yon curling vapour's train
Proudly sweeping o'er the plain ;
The breeze is up, it fades away :
So shall the pride of life decay.

Pleasures

Pleasures, honours, wealth, and pow'r,
Seem to last but for an hour :
Death approaches—lo, they take
Their sudden flight, and us forsake.

The butterfly, on golden wings,
Hovers round in airy rings :
Worldlings, like the foolish boy,
Fast pursue the fleeting toy.

On to ruin's brink they press,
Panting, eager in the chace.
While around them fiends deride ;
Angels, blushing, turn aside.

Mortals, stop your mad career !
Lo the precipice how near !
Turn ye ; further if you strive,
Down the dreadful steep you'll drive.

W. D.

*TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN
DIES IRÆ.*

AT last shall come that great announced day,
On which this earth shall be consum'd by fire,
When sinners shall, in horrible dismay,
Feel the whole weight of the Almighty's ire.

What dreadful signs shall mortals terrify,
When that tremendous hour is drawing near,
When the just Judge, in awful majesty,
To try all Adam's race is to appear.

A trum-

A trumpet by an angel shall be blown,
 The powerful sound of which shall call
 mankind,
 To rise, and come before that Judge's throne ;
 Their souls being with their former bodies
 join'd.

This summons shall be instantly obey'd.
 Then Christ, from heaven, shall on a cloud
 descend,
 With power and glory he shall be array'd ;
 And all the heavenly host shall him attend.

Our consciences shall then be open laid,
 To man and angels all shall be reveal'd,
 That ever we have done, or thought, or said ;
 Not the most secret crimes can be conceal'd.

I also there this Judge must stand before.
 Poor criminal ! what shall become of me !
 What shall I plead ? What patron's help im-
 plore ?
 When free from fear the just shall scarcely be.

O Saviour dear ! to whose pure mercy all
 Those that are saved, their salvation owe,
 In my distress to thee for help I call ;
 Have pity on me, and thy mercy show !

Remember, Lord ! thou didst our nature take,
 Of happiness to bring me to the way ;
 I thee beseech, for that thy goodness sake,
 Condemn me not, on that last judgment day.

For three long hours thou, nailed on the tree,
 Didst hang in great extremity of pain,
 For

For sinners, and, among the rest, for me ;
 May not these sufferings be for me in vain !

When thou shalt judge, strict justice must take
 place ;
 But thou can'st pardon while on earth we
 live :

O grant me pardon in this time of grace,
 And all my sins before I die forgive !

I clearly see how much I am to blame ;
 I sigh and groan, perplexed with anxious care,
 I too great reason have to blush for shame ;
 But spare, good God ! thy suppliant servant
 spare !

Thou didst to Magdalen free pardon grant,
 And to the thief, repenting at thy side.
 Since for like pardon I sincerely pant,
 Why in thy mercy may not I confide ?

No merit in thy sight can I pretend ;
 Nay, punishment severe my sins require :
 But thou art good ; on this I must depend.
 Sweet Jesus, save me from eternal fire !

When angels shall the good from bad divide,
 Not of the goats, in the unhappy band
 May I be plac'd ; but on the other side,
 Among the blessed sheep on thy right hand.

And when the wicked, with the wretched fiends,
 Down shall be hurl'd to flames and endless
 woe,
 May I with thee, among thy glorious friends,
 In triumph to thy heavenly kingdom go !

Most

Most earnestly my soul I recommend
 To thee, and with sincere contrition cry;
 Jesus, assist me at my latter end,
 And grant that in thy favour I may die.

As terrible when Judge thou must appear,
 Be merciful now in the time of grace;
 Pardon and help give to us living here,
 And to the faithful souls departed peace.
 J. E. M.



THE HYMN TE DEUM.

GREAT GOD, beginning and last end of all,
 In spirit humbly we before thee fall;
 To thee our voices and our hearts we raise,
 To pay the homage of our thanks and praise.

All round the earth thou justly art ador'd,
 As sole Creator, and as sovereign Lord;
 In heaven above, with awe the most profound,
 Millions of angels thy bright throne surround.

And always Holy, holy, holy, cry,
 Glory to thee, Lord God of hosts most high!
 All thro' the world, so splendidly array'd,
 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness are display'd.

The chosen twelve thy greatness still proclaim;
 The prophets magnify thy blessed name;
 Thousands of martyrs, clad in robes of white,
 Their Alleluias constantly unite.

The Church here likewise sings sweet hymns
to thee,
Her God, in nature One, in persons Three;
Extols the Father, who proceeds from none,
The true, eternal, equal, only Son:

The Holy Spirit, who from both proceeds,
In manner that all human thought exceeds.
Of glory thou'rt the King, O God made man,
Son of the Father, before time began.

Thou didst vouchsafe, that man thou might'st
set free,
Conceived in a virgin's womb to be;
Thou, conquering death, didst heaven's gates
open lay,
To all who should believe, and thee obey.

Above all creatures now exalted high,
Thou with the Father sitt'st in majesty;
Thou art to come to judge us at the last,
When to the world the time assign'd is past.

Lend to thy servants then thy heavenly aid,
Whose ransom with thy precious blood was
paid;
Grant we may of the happy number be,
Who shall be call'd to endless bliss by thee.

Thy people from calamities preserve,
And bless the nations which thy law observe;
Give them prosperity, and lasting peace,
In all their ways direct them by thy grace.

In praising thee our tongues we still employ,
With adoration, grateful love, and joy.

May

May we this day our duties all fulfill,
Regarding only thy most holy will.

To us, dear Lord, a Saviour truly be ;
To us show mercy, as we hope in thee.
In thee I hope—let not my foes prevail :
Who place their trust in thee, to prosper cannot fail.

J. E. M.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 10, line 8, for *vigorous*, read *rigorous*.
28, last line, for *does adore*, read *do adorn*.
116, line 12, for *luscious*, read *precious*.





